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Original Poetry.

GLORIA DEO.

Gloria in Altissimis Deo. Lucam, ii, 14.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The mercies, Lord, which Thou hast sent,
To bless me since my life began,
Of health and store, and kindred kind,
In youth and age, so long and near,
Light in my heart the sacred flame,
Make me adore Thy holy name;
With gratitude my soul o'erflow:
I'll sue to thank Thee, heavenly King.

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

When for obedience to Thy will,
Thou gav'st the sweet counsel of peace,
And when my duties I fulfill,
Thou send'st, for help, Thy saving grace,
The like the mild, refreshing shower,
Upon the longed, drooping flow'rs,
It unskilfully moral nature grow:
I'll sue to thank Thee, heavenly King.

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

The birds and beasts, the plants and trees,
The hills and vales, the verdant sod,
With god-like zeal, the skies and seas
United sing Glory to God.
The sun and planets blow Thy name,
The stars Thy sov'reign pow'r proclaim,
In silence loud Thou ar they glow:
I'll sue to praise Thee, heavenly King.

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

When nature lifts her drooping head,
Just freed from winter's icy hand,
And, as if raising from the dead,
She wakes to life, at spring's command;
And goodness then yours gently shows
Gives smiling fields, and gaudy flow'rs,
From Thee all earthly blessings flow:
I'll sue to thank Thee, heavenly King.

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

The summer rain, the cooling dews,
The cheerful sun, the fanning breeze,
Ripe harvests, and the autumn fruits,
With fruit grey autumn lends the trees
The kindness fills the world around,
The mercy ev'rywhere is found,
The bounty's ever where's I go:
I'll sue to thank Thee, heavenly King.

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

Winter has bound the earth in chains,
The streams have felt its frozen breath,
Your cold insensitive reigns,
And nature seems to sleep in death:
Yet soon it will revive again,
Warm'd into life, no more remain
Enchain'd by ice and frost and snow:
I will, for this, to praise my King,

The sweet refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

When Death, Thy messenger, shall come,
He'll come to bless, not to destroy;
Glory and life attend the tomb,
And 'tis through death we reach true joy
Free from our mortal frames free,
We'll have the earth and fly to Thee,
To more approve of all we do,
We will unite to praise our King,

The refrain the angels sing,
Gloria Deo, Gloria Deo.

BUBULCUS.

Original Tales.

THE NEIGHBORS;
Or, Well Enough for Now.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HARRY HARTMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, neighbor Moulton, why don't you put up a good lock, and make a thorough job of it?"

"Oh, this will do well enough for now."

"That's always the way with you. You do a thing well enough for now, and then you have to go to work and do it over again—so, between now and then, you're always at it, and never done."

"Don't fret, Slocum, don't fret. You are forever in a stew and a worry. There never was a man like you, sure!"

Mr. Slocum gave the matter up in despair, and walked away, leaving the other to botch up his work, as he perceived that he could not help it. Moulton was precisely one of the most untidy, insufficient, slovenly men who ever lived. His gates and his silent stood open to the day long; he harnessed patched with rope and twine, his fences tottering, his windows stopped with rags and old hats, his roof full of "a chicken half cloth," and in short all that appertained to him in a slovenly and shiftless disorderly. Yet the poor fellow never was idle—and never seemed to have a moment of leisure to attend to think. He rose daily with the consciousness that he was far behind his business, and spent the day in a continued and useless struggle to catch up. Something or other was every moment giving way about his premises, and his wail enough for new arrangements were constantly breaking down, and breaking up his time, his patience, and his property. It was hurry and tease and run, all day long, and night brought no relief, and no remedy.

Mr. Slocum, his neighbor, was in every thing his opposite. No matter what it was, he never seemed to be at all in wrath doing well," and well with him, meant thoroughly and perfectly, not merely well enough for now, but well enough to stand for all the perishableness of material, or the mutations of time and seasons would permit. His farms, his premises, his wife, his children, his cattle—every thing on which which came under his control, or profited by his example, bore the impress of his thrift, punctuality and neatness. And yet he never seemed to hate—and while he was never at a loss for something to do, was never unable to take an hour or a day for an extra visit to his friends, or for the purpose of wholesome recreation, or the improvement of his family. He was read up to the latest improvement and discovery in his profession, and was making use of the discoveries and experience of others naturally suggested additional improvements, he was really in advance of his neighbors in everything that they contained of practical advantage and utility. On all subjects of general information he was at home, and ready to converse sensibly and intelligently, and was, in fact, the best ideal of what an intelligent and industrious farmer may become—the most independent man in the world.

The sore plague, and indeed almost the only plague of his life, was his unhealthy neighbor, Moulton. Wherever their pastures united, Moulton's cattle managed to pay the penalty of his neighbor's carelessness. With grass and weeds, however carefully eradicated from his own land, would force themselves through to colonize the tidy enclosure which Slocum had taken so much pains to keep clear of such a nuisance. Wherever the repairs of a fence devolved upon Moulton, it was less than half done, as well he usually entered from the contention with which our sketch opens. Slocum had gradually got almost the whole of their party division walls himself in order, preferring the extra labor to the eye-sore of poor fences—but as an unthrifty farmer is perverbial for wild cattle, bad boys and careless farm hands, poor Slocum's efforts were of very little avail, with a neighbor who destroyed as fast as he built up.

The wear and tear of mind, under such an infliction, daily and incessant, is no small item in the account of the well-disposed and industrious, against the negligent. We cannot wonder that at last Slocum's good nature was quite worn under it, and that he fairly lost all patience with his troublesome neighbor. And as the "chiffless" are the last to admit the justice of any complaints against themselves, it was perfectly natural that Moulton should regard himself as deeply outraged, and retaliate with as much fervency of hate as he could "find time for." It was certain that this state of things did not improve the international relations of the kingdoms of Moulton and Slocum. The former grew daily more and more careless of his business where attention would have invested the other; and Slocum grew less and less tolerant of the short-comings of Moulton. Somehow or other it would appear that when people let the country to find or cease to quarrel, to hate, they do it with more intensity than city folks find necessity or occasion for. What the cause may be, we shall not undertake to say, but such would appear to be the fact; and it came to pass at length that neither of the farmers could have a more civil salutation for each other than "that fellow," while they were rather apt to apply even more depreciating terms. The only lawyer in the village looked on with a great deal of interest, and did not a little listen when either talked in his hearing. Nor did he fail to quote the law when he found opportunity to make out a case of constructive trespass, and it is the latest sentence, we must recall. A man needs attrice nowhere. Fair dealing and above board is both the surer and the safer path.

CHAPTER II.

It is one of the perversities of the gentle sex that some of the best and fairest specimens will contrive to be born of parents the least likely of any of the world to own such children. This is in some respect, however, the result of accident—but the wonder is that such charming girls will persist in loving and respecting those for whom other people can scarcely find a single redeeming trait. After all it is a blessed blindness which hides from children the failings of their parents—or conceals the ugliness of their faults. There is a passage that no man is to keen to his valet de chamber. The same thing would be true of one's children: only that the faults which they cannot see, they cannot hurt one's pride and in proportion as any one else might deem a man less worthy of affection, his children love and cling to him. Such was the case with Moulton and his father, with all his unamiable qualities. As a man knew it would be the world he naturally wears but he only suffers for his misfortune. It is another to have somebody upon whom you can reflect what the world visits upon you. A churlish and unnatural conduct, certainly, but one which the best of men cannot wholly forego. Moulton was very humble to his father in the best of their intercourse with the world, and consequently, he had no compunctions about visiting every one of his disasters upon his household. Mrs. Moulton was dead, and the only child left to be sour as her husband, and who fully vindicated her claim to that privilege, was not always a safe person to attack with impunity, though she herself became at last, as she was his only child, the only object of his ill nature.

It was bought her father and daughter that Rebecca was of a most angelic temper. Observant beyond her years, and gifted with great common sense, and good judgment, she understood her father's difficulties better perhaps, than he himself did, and was ready to make all allowances for the continual state of irritation which surrounded him. But in farm affairs and his business generally, had fallen so lamentably behind hand, that it required his utmost ingenuity to keep out of debt. And every day was only a repetition of the tiresome thunderings of the day before, with less and less prospect of ever getting out. It was not for her peace, they say, the heart would break. Undoubtedly in the darkest of his days of difficulty, Moulton *hoped*—but hope was vague and indefinite, and the good heart failed to look his embarrassments in the face, rather than by manfully meeting and investigating them, which was the silent determination of the brave and the rebuffs which Rebecca received from her father, in her efforts to comfort him, she patiently toiled on with the silent consciousness that she exercised spirit—though it happened, as the progress of our sketch will show, that this daily cost her most painful sacrifices.

We have intimated that Rebecca was very valuable as a neighbor. The eldest of a large family of children, she alone looked anything like tidy. Not that was no mate in the desert of discomfort which surrounded her, but blessed be the impress the aspect of things within doors—but one struggling against so many could effect very little. One thing she could and did, and that was to shut out the neighbors, and interest the affections of young Slocum. Hence arose in our little village another Montague and Capulet—their troubles and their loves, and the consequences than those which befel the respective connections of Romeo and Juliet. Notice it when we will—young love is invariably crossed, and it is love in precisely the directions that their parents would hate and prevent—if indeed parents ever could effect anything in such matters. Perhaps there is a Providence in it. This may be one of the modes in which feuds are decreed to be reconciled; and, at any rate, all hereditary property that is at present in the least worthy of being transmitted, though nations and clans heretofore have been remarkable for handing down hate from generation to generation.

Rebecca Moulton and Isaac Slocum were playmates from their childhood—only this and no thing more"—as Poe says in his song of The Raven. That is to say they naturally ran about together. Isaac was somewhat in age, tastes and pursuits, valued to school and returned side by side, helped each other over difficulties in the village academy and the road thereto, and always a pleasant one for each other, as a matter of course. Still it had never occurred to either that the difference in their sexes would make any in their friendship. They spoke without embarrassment, and met and parted without sight or ceremony, and were on all respects, what they were to their children when circumstances made playmates for each other. So they might have continued until the day of their deaths—and such children, indeed, for that is a happiness for which man may not hope—but mere acquaintances.

It is observed that the love of children with other most intimately in childhood, are usually too wise to marry when the time comes for marriage, but look abroad for mates with qualities of character they have not had such an opportunity of discovering. Such would probably have been the case in this instance, as well as in nearly all instances, were it not for the intervention with which our sketch opens. Slocum had gradually got almost the whole of their party division walls himself in order, preferring the extra labor to the eye-sore of poor fences—but as an unthrifty farmer is perverbial for wild cattle, bad boys and careless farm hands, poor Slocum's efforts were of very little avail, with a neighbor who destroyed as fast as he built up.

Slocum was amazed at this—but still a little amused. As he was prosperous, while his neighbor, much to his grief and surprise, was day-thing backwards, he could afford to be magnanimous—but woman nature cannot stand every thing. Moulton's continued abuse, which he took care as to distribute that the other could not but hear of it, at length overturned Slocum's good resolution, and he in his turn began to deal more in hard words, and to recommend his son not to trouble himself to be on too kind terms with Moulton's people. This distribution was given carelessly, and without bitterness. It expressed mingled contempt and pity. Now as Isaac had taken no interest in any one of Moulton's people," except Rebecca—the warning set him to thinking whether to neglect her for the sake of her friends was not doing a great injustice. Conceiving the idea that a person is wronged—particularly when that person is a young woman—is one step of no inward stage had passed, or, at least tempting it. Isaac, who never, as we have said, troubled himself before with any very especial thoughts of his fair neighbor, now fell into the dangerous habit of thinking of her very often indeed. He could meet her once without any extraordinary emotion, or indeed any emotion at all—but now that he was in the habit of regarding her as a martyr, it must be confessed that he found a great deal of excitement in calling her to his "aid and comfort" of such an address and manner as indicated that, whatever others might say or do, he was not the person to be overawed by pretensions like this, who was the real bolder of the mortgages. Flint knew that the consummation of his plans must result in his getting a valuable piece of land for a trifling farm, at one-third of its value; and this indeed was his intention when he first inveigled the vic. tim into his toils. By marrying Rebecca he could obtain the whole at even less cost—the slight circumstance of swindling the other children present ing no obstacle in his regard. And to this scheme he was turned his whole system of artifice. That to met with symptoms of ill concealed aversion on the part of Rebecca, instead of discouraging him, only fanned the flame of his passion. The father was in his toils; and he trusted to the daughter's affection, and the patient, unwearied assiduity of her lover to have her to complete the success of his manœuvres.

CHAPTER IV.

"Confound that Moulton and his Canadian thistles! I really believe he plants them on the edges of his fields that they may work through into mine! Eh? What? They don't—see now. And Slocum, for he it was, stepped behind a thick clump of bushes, looking, and peeping, wondering and conjecturing. He took in the situation of his lover's eyes, and saw what all this surprise was about. On the Slocum side of the fence was a fine sun burnt field, on the other a rank crop of weeds. The field of manly beauty as one may desire to see—with a boy over his shoulder, in pressure appearance, in which he had been a business man for the last hour. Moulton side of the fence was a maiden of about the same age, and every way worthy of the swain. He need hardly say that the leader this scene was Isaac and Rebecca. Old Slocum knew his ground. On the Slocum side of the fence was a wall of right angles with the other which separated the lovers, and Isaac putting down his hoe, looked in all directions to see if the coast was clear, and then stepping over, into—he character is loathed. But for this he cares nothing, so long as he is able to eat like true to the subject of his commission. This is actually contrives to do. No gains are too small to threat into his pouch, and no peculiarities is so large as to escape his observance, provided he can keep clear of legal difficulty.

Issachar Flint, Esq., counsellor and attorney at law, was one of the hardest practitioners that ever was of legal freebooters. His acquaintance with Moulton had commenced—his legal acquaintance, we mean—with the execution of a mortgage upon his property—a very neat job for himself. Moulton wanted a thousand dollars—Flint "knew a man that had money to lend," and he got it at fair legal interest!" Moulton jumped at the chance, because Flint told him he would never be in such fix again, paying ever. Moulton had promised the one thousand dollars at least once and a half over—a fact which Flint never will approach.

When Moulton made his appearance in the office to receive the money, Flint met him with a careless air, and he began to think he had no inconvenience to his friend to be disappointed.

Poor Moulton's jaw fell. He was already, in imagination, "clear of all his difficulties, and to be failed to obtain the sum he had counted on receiving, he saw before him only trouble and perplexity. He could absolutely make no answer.

"Why, you see, Mr. Moulton, I knew you were a man free-handed, and comfortable, and I would not agree to let you be imposed on. The fact is"—(and we omit a number in parentheses that this was a fact that the man who proposes to let you have this, is one of the meanest men, and greatest extortioners that ever lived. He's coining money, too now; and if you'll trust me as far as you have trust, and my son, and just answer a few questions, I'll put all right—perfectly right—and you'll never—put my father on his legs—and—make him set about it himself, too." Rebecca was puzzled at the curious speech, but from Isaac knew well his power to be satisfy; and the elder Slocum proceeded to put two or three, or half a dozen questions in relation to her father's affairs, which Moulton, to which Flint had the skeleton of the case perfectly and, to him satisfactorily. "Now," he continued, "Flint says his money, the lender, will foreclose. Is he?"

"I know—I know. Now, you may go home, and so may Isaac. If I don't have you all out of this scrape—and leave two of you at liberty to get into a new one—I am mistaken."

Slocum was straight-forward. He called on Moulton that very afternoon—much to his neighbor's astonishment. "Well," said he, "neighbor Moulton, what's this mill stream damage of your's?"

"A very most decide," said the other.

"Well, I don't feel inclined to fatten a tyrant like Flint, myself, or to see any lawyers where the thing can be honestly managed without. Come, what's your claim?"

"But surely you don't mean to pay it without a suit?"

"Indeed, if you can make any reasonable claim appear, I do. Going to law is too much on the well enough for now plan, to suit me."

Moulton hesitated. He was paralled at a sure enough neighbor—and really did not know what to answer, but proposed to "Let it be for now, till he had time to think."

"That won't do, neighbor Moulton. You will consult that shark of an attorney, who only wants to complete your ruin, and finish as he has so well begun, by plundering you of every cent you have in the world, and making your own child the instrument of turning you out of doors. He is a most arrant scoundrel; and if was to save you from his fangs that I came here."

No man likes to labor under the imputation of being a dupe. Moulton attempted some defence of his treacherous adviser. "He may be hard at a bargain, but if hard, he is fair, and very obliging."

"Come, come, neighbor Moulton, that won't do. In the first place he holds mortgages on your property for two thousand dollars, for which you have received only fifteen hundred."

Moulton looked up astonished that the other understood the precise terms so well. He knew nothing of the field conference. Slocum proceeded

"He owes you nothing—he is a lawyer with no fee, or two reasons. In the first place he is determined so to involve you as to get the residue of your property on the same terms; and in the second he suspects an attachment between certain members of our households, which he wishes to break off by driving you to a violent point."

Moulton was no reply, and his neighbor went on: "He has furthermore threatened you that he only can prevent your being imprisoned, whom he keeps very considerately in the dark from foreclosing; and he hangs this in terror before you, till you shall have driven your daughter into consenting to take a man she loathes."

Moulton had never allowed himself to put the case so strongly even to himself. He was still struggling against conviction when Slocum reached out his hand. "Come," he said, "we are old playmates and neighbors for our whole lives. Don't let a thievish adventurer now division between us. For my part, before he shall grow fat on my foolishness or ill-humor—

Slocum put the case in its strongest light—and gave vent to his warmth farther by a most hearty shake of the hand, which Moulton had rather permitted him to take than extended to him. But all the reluctance of the one was not proof against the cordial frankness of the other; and Slocum soon had from Moulton's own mouth a full statement of his difficulties. "Now," said Moulton, "what shall I do?"

"Will you let me help you out?"

"*Let you?* If you can and will, do so, for Heaven's sake."

In an hour afterwards Isaac-bar Flint whereof ever a note which informed him that Mr. Slocum had become the purchaser of the property on which he, Flint, held a mortgage. His first movement was to give the purchaser written notice that he should reluctant as he was to do it, feel compelled to commence proceedings for a foreclosure. Slocum said in his messenger to tell the attorney, with his compliments, to go ahead."

This was hearty. Slocum was a different customer, it was evident, from Moulton. There was no well enough for now in his management. No less than fifty men, made it convenient to wait upon Slocum's garden where he was busy with the very hoe which had played so important a part in the love-making of the day before. The hoe was now pretended not to see his visitor, and nearly extinguished his foot with the implement, before he looked up in clumsily counterfeited surprise, and cried out, "Oh, is it you?"

Flint tried all sorts of common-places to open a talk, but was compelled at last to come to the point and introduce his business. "I called to see you about the Moulton property."

"Well, Mr. Flint, and what of the other, " what of it?"

"Of course you don't want the estate encumbered."

"Of course not."

"Well—"

Well, repeated Slocum, after hoot, still hoeing away, as if it were every day affair

"I suppose the matter can be settled without a suit?"

"Certainly it can," answered Slocum. "I hate law suits, even when I am sure to be the gainer, as I should be here."

Flint's heart fell in him. He saw that he had a keen customer. "Well," he said, "between friends there is no need of disputes. I will say nothing about this odd quarter of an acre, if you will close the mortgage."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Slocum, letting his hoe rest against his side, and taking his hat off his head, and a piece of chalk out of his pocket. "Thirty and thirty is sixty, and sixty is one hundred and twenty, excess of interest over three hundred and ninety-eight dollars and seventy five cents—but I'll give you a dollar and a quarter for your trouble, and call it thirteen hundred and eighty."

"Mr. Moulton," said Flint, livid with anger, "I shall commence a suit at once."

"Do, if you please," said the other, as he resumed his hoe, and began his clumsiness provokingly clashed on his hat. But Flint did not "please." For a few days he endured the sight of those everlasting chalk marks, which Slocum would not suffer to be brushed off, and Slocum seemed to take a roguish pleasure in displaying them to him. Flint sent a bill for services rendered in the suit Moulton vs. Slocum, the plaintiff in the suit that was to have been, which as per instructions entered him to the defendant, and sent over one of his suitors. But Flint had no mind to encounter him with such a demand.

He must have proceeded, Isaac and Rebecca must see no more by stealth at the old trysting place on the corner of the lot, though they were observed to go there frequently together. Flint endured the misery wanderer at discomfiture for a few weeks, and then discovered that there was an opening for another lawyer in the village. But before he went he mustered courage to call on Slocum for thirty dollars, his quarter's interest.

"Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, you mean," said Slocum, making another calculation on the hat, to replace the last one, which had been wasted off in the garden. "Well, I'll give you one for the building of that Pyramid is a thing which could not be done now, with all our hosts of our mechanics. Ancient arts considerably lost if was done.

This mighty mass of building covers eleven acres of ground, and is built of blocks of stone so enormous that it is inconceivable how, with any length of time, or number of men, they could have been brought from the quarry and raised to their proper place. It was once smooth and polished on the outside—and its history was engraved upon it in hieroglyphic characters. To the old historians all of but how the smooth outside is all gone taken, probably, to build other edifices; and the next range of stone blocks forms a set of steps, by which means I got to the top, a rough, broken and difficult staircase of 400 feet high—the steps being chiefly from four to three feet high. Each of our party had three Arabs for assistants—Jack brown men, in volume to little white rags, and loose shorts and drawers, and who never dream of being silent for a minute, or of leaving off asking for a present. These Arabs are of a different race from the people who built the Pyramids, and they know nothing whatever about them, nor can excuse why we go and examine such monuments. They only can suppose that we go in search of treasure. But they are kind in a strange, and childish way to their visitors, and I felt in very good hands while they were helping me up and down the outside of this—the largest building in the world. They drew and lifted me up the high steps so as to spare me any great fatigue, encouraging me with the few words of English they had picked up—" very good!" and "half way!" After one particularly difficult step, they were in great delight and patted me on the back, all three crying out—" Ah! ah! good morning—good morning!" They were ordered to be quiet while we were at the top, where we wished to look about us undisturbed, and to date and begin some letters to our friends: but, with all my interest in the scene around, I could not but look on these men with wonder and sorrow that they should be inhabitants of a country abounding in such monuments.

The landscape which we overlooked was this—From near the foot of the Pyramid to the Northern horizon stretched the line which divides the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy, and marked by a little canal, which had only in process of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, filling up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the fourth horizon, appeared the richest plain in the world—covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses, overshadowed with palm trees, and cut by the black rows of causeway here and there, and by many threads of blue water. To the East was the Nile, about half a mile from where I stood, and the mountains away from the farthest North to the utmost South. Beyond the river spread the beautiful city of Cairo in white relief against the hills, with many tall minarets shot from the midst of the mass of houses; and some molten and cucumber patches were out or off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses—and on a bank near out an old woman and a boy and a girl busking in the hot rays of the sun with evident enjoyment; though the magical colouring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes But what most if have been to the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no color except at sunrise and sunset, but only glaring parched rocks and blinding dust or sand! I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling loneliness of the depths of the desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley of scenes! I at best understood the surprise of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathize in their forgetfulness of their past woes in their gloating for before and streams for shades and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which tormented them in, whichever way they turned.

This is not the place for even the most reverential inquiry into the relation between the Egyptian theology and philosophy, and the system of Moses. That great subject must be left untouched, now and here; and I must come down at once to the time when Egypt had sunk from her highest pitch of greatness, and had been conquered, first by the Persians and then by Alexander the Great. I will only observe that Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, and must therefore have been of the priestly caste; of that caste which alone possessed more knowledge, more wealth, and a higher station, than any other. An old Egyptian historian declares that Moses was educated in the palace of Memphis. We cannot suppose this to be true, but it shows how he was connected in the popular belief with the grandeur and learning which existed in it. His system must have been derived from the institutions of the country he was brought up in.

The despised Israelites spread and conquered their enemies, and became a nation powerful enough to have acknowledged intercourse of war or peace with the Kings of Egypt. King Solomon married a princess born and reared in the Nile valley; and when Solomon died, his father-in-law, Shishank, went up against Jerusalem, and took away many captives and grievous spoil. I have seen on the walls of the great temple of Karnac, at Thebes, a sculptured group of the Israelitish captives—the conquerer was holding by the hair of their heads, and raising his war knife over them while they implored mercy with uplifted hands.

These battle pieces abound on the walls and gates of the grand old temples which are ranged along the Nile valley as far as it has been explored, and they remind every one who looks at them of the battles of Homer's poems—and it is probable that Homer makes the gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were of too high an order to be so debased by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the City of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and whose he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the father of poetry saw what I was then looking on; and brought his figures into new life on the sculptured walls that I have been studying. Absent another great man—the first of his name—as the old Hexameter—and the second interrate as the father of history, there is no such doubt. We have his account of Egypt in his day; and we remarkable is his narration for the antiquity of Egyptian usages and edifices, that I shall ever think of him as standing before the great monuments of his country, and describing what he saw. He lived enough, and plainly declared, that the Greeks derived their religion from the Egyptians—a thing which would be hard to doubt when we think of their account of the scene after death—their river Nyx, their ferryman Charon, their dog Cerberus, and the judges. All this natural and solemn amid the funeral scenery of Memphis, was borrowed and spoiled by the Greeks—as was much else which is supposed to be their own. If anything is called Greek more emphatically than another, it is the philosophy of Plato. He studied for thirteen years at Heliopolis, studying philosophy under the priests, who were considered masters of all learning. No one will undertake to say that we should have had Plato's philosophy as it is, if he had not studied under Egyptian sages for thirteen years. This happened nearly four hundred years before the time of Christ.

Now, after considering these things, and seeing what Egypt was in the days of the Israelites, what was in an infantine or barbarous state, what become of our pride of knowledge and achievement? It is clear that the Egyptians of the time of Abraham, and for generations before his day, could do things of which we are incapable, and had knowledge which is yet concealed. And the point that every member of society shall have sufficient food. Surely, there is matter for deep consideration here.

The land of Egypt is now inhabited by Arabs who know nothing, hope nothing, care for nothing, but living on as quietly as they can, and with as little trouble as they can. Parents cut off their children's food, longer, that they may be unable to write, or to fire off a musket; and if a man sees anything that he likes, he conceals it, lest it should be taken from him. They clothe up the salaam old temples with mud huts, and build their hovels on the lofty roofs. They burn statues for lime, and split the head of a granite colossus to make millstones. They light fires against the painted walls of antique tombs, and, in search of treasure, crawl under-foot the bones of the kings. The temples are filling up with the sand of the desert, and the tombs

Selected Poem.

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[The subjoined poem was recited not long since by Mr. Lover at a public meeting:]

Never land of song, thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows, now,
While thunder-clouds and lover's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow.
Yet, take thy harp and raise thy voice.
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
That girds thy emerald shore
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder-slumber—Mercy's breath
That waits her o'er the sea,
The open sea that bears no death,
But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted land can scarcely strike
The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
Thy voice of prouder days.
Yet, even in accents tearful still,
Let Erin's voice proclaim
In hardy praise, on every hill,
Columbia's glorious name!

Interesting Sketch.

FROM THE (LONDON) PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMID.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CAIRO, February 14th, 1847.

I have been so out of the world for the last three months, that I am not qualified to comment on the events which have passed within it. I have been sailing up the Nile, far into Nubia, some hundreds of miles beyond post-offices and newspapers, so that on my return to Cairo I have to learn and think over the news of the world, instead of remarking upon it. But I have been taking another kind of lesson, by observing as near as that of the busy living race—a survey of Time instead of Circumstance; and it may be well, for once, to speak of this—and to discuss my own views in full of it, but because it is good for us all to have our thoughts now and then called off from present affairs and fixed on a point of view which commands a wider prospect.

We are all apt to overrate the importance of our own times, our own work, our own experience. I do not speak of this as a fault in us. It is natural to the human mind, and a good in its effects; for thus it is that manly and self-attested labor, and work, or our beauty interest into the events of every day, if we saw how small a proportion any thing present bears to the history of our race! How struck me powerfully, the other day, when I was standing on the highest stone of the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The present famine in Ireland and trying winter in England seem, naturally enough, to those in full view or experience of them, the most important events that ever happened in the world; but it is worth while to look back to famines which occurred in this Eastern part of the world several thousands of years ago, and see if any thing could be more important than their causes and their consequences. Seven years, or months past, there have been floods in various parts of Europe, sweeping away dwellings and produce, and causing the loss of some lives. To those on the spot, this event appears like the end of the world—the greatest calamity in the experience of man. But, looking over from where I stood, there was a place almost within view where a great flood rose and destroyed a mighty monarch and all his host, and affected the destiny of the human race to the end of time. Again, we are vain of the enlighten ment of our age, we think that we have discovered all new, and that we are able to do things by steam, water-power, electricity, the telescope, the printing press, &c., which were never before dreamed of by man. A survey of the past from the top of Egypt may show us whether this is true, and perhaps sober our views in regard to our own attainments and the prospects of the race.

It was for some time taken for granted, on the assertion of scholars who judged from history, that our globe has been made about 6,000 years before Christ; whereas 4,000 years before Christ and also that Man was created at the same time. The science of geology has passed that the world is very much older that had been supposed: and that it had lasted a long time, inhabited by various beasts and fishes, of kinds that we never see now, before Man was created. And now, the more we look into Egyptian history, the more clear it becomes that we have been mistaken in our judgment of the lapse of centuries, and that 6,000 years ago, some nations of the earth were about their every day affairs, in a manner, manufactures, literature and philosophy as we are now. When any one speaks to us of 6,000 years ago, we think of Adam and Eve and Paradise—so much thing having been thought of as human abodes, or clothing, or any of the arts of life, or institutions of any kind in society. But it is now believed, with good reason, that the Pyramid on which I stood the other day was there in its present form, and for the use of the people who built it, 6,000 years ago. The building of that Pyramid is a thing which could not be done now, with all our hosts of our mechanical resources. Ancient arts considerably lost if was done.

This mighty mass of building covers eleven acres of ground, and is built of blocks of stone so enormous that it is inconceivable how, with any length of time, or number of men, they could have been brought from the quarry and raised to their proper place. It was once smooth and polished on the outside—and its history was engraved upon it in hieroglyphic characters. To the old historians all of but how the smooth outside is all gone taken, probably, to build other edifices; and the next range of stone blocks forms a set of steps, by which means I got to the top, a rough, broken and difficult staircase of 400 feet high—the steps being chiefly from four to three feet high. Each of our party had three Arabs for assistants—Jack brown men, in volume to little white rags, and loose shorts and drawers, and who never dream of being silent for a minute, or of leaving off asking for a present. These Arabs are of a different race from the people who built the Pyramids, and they know nothing whatever about them, nor can excuse why we go and examine such monuments. They only can suppose that we go in search of treasure. But they are kind in a strange, and childish way to their visitors, and I felt in very good hands while they were helping me up and down the outside of this—the largest building in the world. They drew and lifted me up the high steps so as to spare me any great fatigue, encouraging me with the few words of English they had picked up—" very good!" and "half way!" After one particularly difficult step, they were in great delight and patted me on the back, all three crying out—" Ah! ah! good morning—good morning!" They were ordered to be quiet while we were at the top, where we wished to look about us undisturbed, and to date and begin some letters to our friends: but, with all my interest in the scene around, I could not but look on these men with wonder and sorrow that they should be inhabitants of a country abounding in such monuments.

The landscape which we overlooked was this—From near the foot of the Pyramid to the Northern horizon stretched the line which divides the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy, and marked by a little canal, which had only in process of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, filling up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the fourth horizon, appeared the richest plain in the world—covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses, overshadowed with palm trees, and cut by the black rows of causeway here and there, and by many threads of blue water. To the East was the Nile, about half a mile from where I stood, and the mountains away from the farthest North to the utmost South. Beyond the river spread the beautiful city of Cairo in white relief against the hills, with many tall minarets shot from the midst of the mass of houses; and some molten and cucumber patches were out or off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses—and on a bank near out an old woman and a boy and a girl busking in the hot rays of the sun with evident enjoyment; though the magical colouring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes But what most if have been to the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no color except at sunrise and sunset, but only glaring parched rocks and blinding dust or sand! I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling loneliness of the depths of the desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley of scenes! I at best understood the surprise of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathize in their forgetfulness of their past woes in their gloating for before and streams for shades and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which tormented them in, whichever way they turned.

This is not the place for even the most reverential inquiry into the relation between the Egyptian theology and philosophy, and the system of Moses. That great subject must be left untouched, now and here; and I must come down at once to the time when Egypt had sunk from her highest pitch of greatness, and had been conquered, first by the Persians and then by Alexander the Great. I will only observe that Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, and must therefore have been of the priestly caste; of that caste which alone possessed more knowledge, more wealth, and a higher station, than any other. An old Egyptian historian declares that Moses was educated in the palace of Memphis. We cannot suppose this to be true, but it shows how he was connected in the popular belief with the grandeur and learning which existed in it. His system must have been derived from the institutions of the country he was brought up in.

The despised Israelites spread and conquered their enemies, and became a nation powerful enough to have acknowledged intercourse of war or peace with the Kings of Egypt. King Solomon married a princess born and reared in the Nile valley; and when Solomon died, his father-in-law, Shishank, went up against Jerusalem, and took away many captives and grievous spoil. I have seen on the walls of the great temple of Karnac, at Thebes, a sculptured group of the Israelitish captives—the conquerer was holding by the hair of their heads, and raising his war knife over them while they implored mercy with uplifted hands.

These battle pieces abound on the walls and gates of the grand old temples which are ranged along the Nile valley as far as it has been explored, and they remind every one who looks at them of the battles of Homer's poems—and it is probable that Homer makes the gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were of too high an order to be so debased by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the City of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and whose he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the father of poetry saw what I was then looking on; and brought his figures into new life on the sculptured walls that I have been studying. Absent another great man—the first of his name—as the old Hexameter—and the second interrate as the father of history, there is no such doubt. We have his account of Egypt in his day; and we remarkable is his narration for the antiquity of Egyptian usages and edifices, that I shall ever think of him as standing before the great monuments of his country, and describing what he saw. He lived enough, and plainly declared, that the Greeks derived their religion from the Egyptians—a thing which would be hard to doubt when we think of their account of the scene after death—their river Nyx, their ferryman Charon, their dog Cerberus, and the judges. All this natural and solemn amid the funeral scenery of Memphis, was borrowed and spoiled by the Greeks—as was much else which is supposed to be their own. If anything is called Greek more emphatically than another, it is the philosophy of Plato. He studied for thirteen years at Heliopolis, studying philosophy under the priests, who were considered masters of all learning. No one will undertake to say that we should have had Plato's philosophy as it is, if he had not studied under Egyptian sages for thirteen years. This happened nearly four hundred years before the time of Christ.

Now, after considering these things, and seeing what Egypt was in the days of the Israelites, what was in an infantine or barbarous state, what become of our pride of knowledge and achievement? It is clear that the Egyptians of the time of Abraham, and for generations before his day, could do things of which we are incapable, and had knowledge which is yet concealed. And the point that every member of society shall have sufficient food. Surely, there is matter for deep consideration here.

The land of Egypt is now inhabited by Arabs who know nothing, hope nothing, care for nothing, but living on as quietly as they can, and with as little trouble as they can. Parents cut off their children's food, longer, that they may be unable to write, or to fire off a musket; and if a man sees anything that he likes, he conceals it, lest it should be taken from him. They clothe up the salaam old temples with mud huts, and build their hovels on the lofty roofs. They burn statues for lime, and split the

are decaying under the ignorance and violence of man. But each of the desert is a friendly preserve, and may be only withdrawing a great book of knowledge for a time, for centuries when it can be better read. Even to the Egyptian hieroglyphs which they have not been discovered. While aware of this, and knowing that a vast number of the monuments of Egypt must be used for new structural uses during the next few years, we may trust that the light of this Egypt will not be lost, but burn more brightly when the ages have removed from our frontier into the future. In those days there will be some one to take a lively artistical interest, and varied Survey from the Pyramid.

Our journey has been prosperous in the last degree—almost too glorious. We are sure of the Nile.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following liberal terms:

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Todd's Juvenile Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Pocket-Book," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Burns' Pictorial Magazine—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Burns' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Pocket-Book" for 1847—or we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Pocket-Book" for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Burns' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in the West and South, will please respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. Y. Jennings is going through Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Kentucky; J. T. Hood, through Missouri; James R. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. James and Frederick J. Hawes, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may find it convenient to remit by mail, from doing so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting to the amounts due us promptly, as they would thereby save us the heavy per centage we have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M.'s poem is accepted, though rather too much in the Cowleyan vein.

AGNETHO.—"The March of Mind."

DELIGHT.—"To L——." "Ought Man to be a Lone, Selfish Being."

On the 23rd.—We have received several other pieces, whose fate is yet uncertain.

ENQUIRER from various sources will take their turn, if found worthy of publication.

NOBLE CONDUCT.

We learn from the Inquirer that the workmen engaged in an extensive manufacturing establishment in the north-eastern part of the city were not a little gratified when they went to be paid off on Saturday week, to be informed that their employers had determined on an increase of their wages during the high price of provisions. The advance had not been asked, and hence it was doubly welcome.

We delight to chronicle such an instance as the above—it has a flavor in it of "the good time coming," when

"Man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that."

We have very little faith in "Association" or in any other new arrangement of society, but in such a spirit as the above employers manifested, we have every hope. It appears to us that the true plan to bring about a better order of things in the world than the present, is not one which endeavors any plan, as true Christian principles. The present order of things results naturally and inevitably from the spirit of the age. Alter that spirit, and insensibly and almost imperceptibly, but surely and naturally, times will necessarily and naturally alter also. The selfish principle is now the heavenly believed creed of society—"every man for himself," "every one for himself," "trade is war," "your loss is my gain," such are the mottoes of the faith which is believed at the present day, by the great mass of intelligent men. As a necessary accompaniment of such doctrines, we see poverty, want, and misery of various kinds prevailing among the working classes of old countries. For if the yearly products of the labor of the world, be distributed according to the robber theory,

"The simple plan
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can,"

the weakest must eventually go to the wall.

And there is no help for this in any new arrangement of society, so long as the old principle is included, for if you were to pass even an agrarian law, and divide all the property in the world equally among all inhabitants this year, and then say "now, at it again, boys, according to the old scramble principle, in a few years you would not pass before things would be as bad as ever.

Now, in our opinion, the true principle upon which all the industrial relations of society should be based, is slandered forth in the account which upon this article of an unsolicited increase of wages. For clearly, according to the doctrine Mary Lahor and every thing else are worth only what they will bring, want or even starvation on the part of the operative, is no argument for an increase of his wages. But the manufacturers, in the above case, evidently felt it to be right to increase the wages of their men, in view of the present high price of provisions, and the principle upon which they acted was simply this, that when labor and capital combine together, labor has an abstract right not "to what it can get," but to a fair share of the products of such combined labor and capital. What is a fair share is another question, and one not less by so important as hasty thinkers sometimes imagine. When the world comes to believe to belief labor has such a right, to a fair share, as firmly as it now believes that it has a right to eat and to clothe itself, and to nothing more, the condition of the poorest classes will be very different from what it is now.

For there is one view of the subject which it is important for all men to consider. Look upon the inhabitants of any country, England for instance, as a large family, and it will be seen at a glance, that England, with her vast mechanical powers, is fully able at this moment to produce enough of everything needful for the subsistence and comfort of her numerous family of children. Nobody even question if enough is not now every year produced, if it was fairly distributed among her children. But wages are driven down to nine shillings a week, and the manufacturers say they must be driven down every year still lower, in order to compete successfully in foreign markets, and increase their sales, forgetful of the fact that no market is so safe as the domestic market, and that every shilling added to the average wages of their immense working population, goes to increase the home demand for all articles of consumption and clothing.

WILL NOT ENLIST.

Recruit officers from Santa Fe state that of the eight hundred volunteers now with Col. Price at Santa Fe, not one hundred will re-enlist.

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.

Cases of great importance to the proprietors of newspapers and other periodicals, was decided in the Court of Common Pleas, by Judge Pearson, on Saturday last.

The case is simply this. The Commercial Chronicle, of this city, was established in the spring of 1836, and published by them, until the fall of 1839, when Mr. Holden purchased the title of the Chronicle of Mr. Holden died. The subscription list of the Chronicle, owing to the sound principles and integrity manifested by the conductors of that paper, became of great value to the proprietors. Every effort, every department of the paper, had increased very much during that time, and its value, in a monetary point of view, had of course increased in the same proportion.

It is unnecessary to inform those who have had anything to do with the publication of a newspaper, that its principal value consists in the size of its subscription list; and that this is the only thing fixed into which the value of a periodical is under consideration. What was the surprise and indignation of the public generally, when it was announced by Mr. Holden's administrator, that Mr. McMakin utterly refused to admit that the estate of Mr. Holden had any right in an equal share of this as of the other assets of the firm; but asserted, to the contrary, that Mr. Holden died, the whole fund, consisting of the subscription list contra in Mr. McMakin. In pursuance of this most unfair claim, Mr. McMakin refused Mr. Holden's administrator permission to sell the intestate's interest in the concern to none one who would be willing to join in the publication of the paper. Mr. Kimball at a reasonable price, or to allow the whole concern to be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds be equally divided between the estates.

As Mr. McMakin thus peremptorily refused to do what the administrator thought justice required, the duty of the latter to the widow and children of Mr. Holden, dictated an immediate appeal to the laws of his country, to ascertain whether it would support Mr. McMakin in his most unreasonable pretensions. The result of the trial is now before us. Judge Pearson has nobly vindicated the rights of the widow and her children. He says:

There is no doubt that the subscription list of a newspaper is a part of the stock of the concern, and will form part of the assets. In the case of Gaskell vs. McFarland, 10 Sumner, 3 Watts, 111, the Supreme Court of this State, held, that the copyright and presses of a newspaper were sold upon an execution, the purchaser acquired a right to the subscription list, as an accessary, and incident thereto. Hence it is clear, and beyond conclusion, that for good will is a part of the stock, which may be sold with the types and presses, and that the good will is the most valuable article in the whole, and is not worth $10,000, and the good-will was worth $10,000, and the defendant is allowed a credit for $10,000, would the defendant be entitled to the good-will for $30,000, would he be allowed to pay $15,000 upon his share of the debts owing, call upon the estate of Mr. Holden to contribute $15,000 toward those debts, and claim the residue $20,000 balance of the amount he received for the good-will, to his own use? Such a state of things would be unequitable, and could not be sustained for one moment. Or if there were no debts owing, and the stock was worth $10,000, and the good-will was sold for $30,000, would the defendant be allowed to retain $20,000 of the $30,000? It is appropriate the balance to himself, as an incident accruing to him by right of survivorship? No law can be found to sustain such a thing, and on the absence of some decision on the point, we are inclined that after, a Court of Equity can never sanction such a perversion. I shall, therefore, in any duty to exhibit an injunction to restrain the defendant from exercising any further control over the property of the "Saturday Courier," by appointing a receiver, with direction to make sale of the whole of the property; and the receiver will be directed to take an account, so that the creditors may be held responsible for the assets in his hands.

[The entry of the decree was delayed, the Judge desiring to examine the interlocutory decree, and see the parties time to make an amicable arrangement; but nothing of the kind having been done, the decree was entered and master will be appointed in accordance with the decision of Judge.]

Thus has concluded this most important case, of the conduct of one of the parties to which, we cannot trust ourselves to speak as it deserves. When it is remembered that the subscription list of the paper is estimated as being worth from twenty to forty thousand dollars, and that the success of the Courier is unreservedly admitted to have been owing to Mr. Holden's editorial abilities, our readers will wonder that a man could be found to act in such a manner to the widow and children of a deceased partner. But, thank Heaven, Law, if not always, is occasionally the handmaid of Justice. And though unjust men may sometimes think it right to speculate on the chances of a favorable issue in courts of law, when they imagine they have nothing to lose; but when they find that they have to pay the usual penalties that are suffered within the walls of a prison, and that the publicity thus given to their evil actions will be a curse to them for the contempt and indignation of every honorable mind.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The Home Journal says that Charles Dickens received for his share of the profits of the last number of "Dombey and Son," nearly three thousand dollars. And yet Dickens is not satisfied, but growls and grumbles at this country because it will not pass a law to protect the copyright Law more than all the other English authors excepting Jerrold, put together.

American readers of "Boz," perhaps may wonder what he does with all the money he receives for his works. Dickens is a man who has been entitled as he is with the sufferings of the English poor, he devotes a large portion of his income to the amelioration of their lot. He has sold at his liberty to use thousands of pounds for his own mere selfish gratifications, while hundreds are starving at his very doors. He judges from the impulses of his heart, and his liberal views towards the working classes, American readers are duly properly imagine this. But we fear that if they do so imagine, they will be sadly mistaken. It is easy to preach justice and charity—especially when more money is to be made by it, than by the practice of the virtues; but it is not so easy to practice in accordance with such preachings. Dickens, if we are rightly informed, is possessed by a vulgar, morbid love of gew gaws and outward splendor. He covets, it is said, the company of the wealthy and high-born; and, like the jay in the fable, puts on their feathers. It is also reported that he may be considered a peacock of the pen, cocks. Truly did Carlyle describe him, when he spoke of him as "a man who had stood on the outside of, the distinguished world." For our part, the longer we live, the less we are attach to "the distinguished." The distinction made in old times between the minstrel and the hero was a just one. The hero was the leader of men, the minstrel but a hero and noble deeds of the latter, but the people never elevated the man of mere words to that high rank. Dickens must be content with the poor honors of the Man of Deeds. Good words, as indicative of what is in a man, are favorable signs, and that is why we like Dickens' words, but we cannot honor the man. A man has written beautiful poems and novels, who never performed one beautiful or noble action—and we fear that Dickens will be found to be one of these men in life, among humble-minded people who never think it worth speaking about, which your Lords and Ladies, and Dukes and your Queens would perhaps have the magnanimity to practice. That virtue in whose service a man "denies himself," is the only true worship of the Lord. Sympathy is eloquent sympathy and denunciation, which bring in the ready money to the tune of twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum, is a cheap one, and does less much of their value in our eyes, when we see their author coolly putting such immense receipts into his pocket, and by no means to any active measure of relief for the benefit of those whose condition he has so accurately and lovingly pictured.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

The Boston Transcript says that Tom Thumb has "erected a little mark," and on identity to be married. The lady is said to be her sixteenth year, weighs fifteen and a half pounds, and is thirty inches high. The value weight of the creeple is fifty pounds. We understand that medical men allege that Tom is now in the prime of life. At thirty, if he live so long, he will probably exhibit all the merits of old age. Such has been the case in other instances of remarkable freaks.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The Boston Transcript says that Tom Thumb has "erected a little mark," and on identity to be married. The lady is said to be her sixteenth year, weighs fifteen and a half pounds, and is thirty inches high. The value weight of the creeple is fifty pounds. We understand that medical men allege that Tom is now in the prime of life. At thirty, if he live so long, he will probably exhibit all the merits of old age. Such has been the case in other instances of remarkable freaks.

MARTIN, THE FOUNDLING.

The New York Mirror is a curious sheet. It is duly edited and interesting, but as the Yankee said of his mother's way of cooking, "some sorter, some." "Martin, or the Foundling" was first published; it described it as a most disgusting work; and now, being in a new edition, it is now called, in spite of its nightly of it. But we should not have alluded to the matter, but for the fact that in it will occur the passage in the last edited nation, which we think contains very pleasing information for our readers. We have underlined the words in which the characters are long ago, from the Home Journal, but we have to accumulate testimony upon this point, as by the mouths of many witnesses the truth is established. The Mirror says—

The mysterious of popular taste are inscrutable; while some of Eugene Sue's works have had a run unparalleled in the history of book making, this has been so much neglected as though it had never been published. But we believe that it would have attained a popularity equal to that of any of his other novels if it had been published anonymously. The reading public appear to have grown weary of the name.

To the Mirror, the mysteries of the popular taste in the case of Eugene Sue are "inscrutable." It cannot conceive why this, his last work, should have been so utterly neglected. Now, all we can say for the Mirror is, that it is in the present instance entirely unfortunate. Sue's last work is one of public indignation which caused the Harpers to discontinue the publication of "Martin, the Foundling." It did not mean with so slight a triumph; but penetrated into the family circles of our land, and swept away on its invisible waves every pure sentiment, and left in its place corrupt novelties. The time of the publication was opened to the true character of these books, and taught to severe discipline into a terrible life by the household feet of our pool. Young girls who had allowed themselves to be fascinated by the glowing pictures of vice and crime knowing what they did, now drew back as from the brink of a horrible gulf, and acknowledged with a shudder that all sin is hideous, however painted in the mind. Heads of families, who had taken no thought as to the daily mental and spiritual food upon which their children were living, began again to watch as carefully over their inward as their outward sustenance. The fatal tragedy at Rutherford, which was caused by the reading of the Mysteries of Paris, and many cases of a daughter's ruin, spoke as with a voice from the grave to the fathers and mothers of the land. Sue's books were burned in effigy, and accounts of the murders and suicides caused by the reading of his books were published in the newspapers. The fact of the publication of "Martin, the Foundling," was first published, it described it as a most disgusting work; and now, being in a new edition, it is now called, in spite of its nightly of it. But we should not have alluded to the matter, but for the fact that in it will occur the passage in the last edited nation, which we think contains very pleasing information for our readers. We have underlined the words in which the characters are long ago, from the Home Journal, but we have to accumulate testimony upon this point, as by the mouths of many witnesses the truth is established. The Mirror says—

PRODUCTS OF THE WEST.

The following singular statistics are vouched for by the Cincinnati Chronicle. It says that by the agricultural statistics of the census of 1840, and other reports since, it appears that a section of country including Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, counties in Ohio, twenty-one in Eastern Indiana, twenty-six in North-Eastern Kentucky, and eleven in Western Virginia, produced in all cereal crops, potatoes, &c., in 1840, the following quantities:

Indian corn,	377,531,315 bushels.
Wheat,	84,823,272 "
Rye,	5,925,762 "
Oats,	58,351,557 "
Potatoes,	19,965,279 "
Total,	546,597,185 "

The following comparisons may be adduced:

1. That the corn and wheat raised across Charleston, in 1840, was equal to one-eighth that of the entire United States. That, at the rate of increase of the last ten years, it will be equal to the whole raised in the United States.

2. That the quantity actually raised in 1846, within those limits, would feed six millions of people —half the entire Catholic race.

3. That New York and Boston, either with half a million of inhabitants, and whose wealth is only a trifle less than a million of inhabitants, and whose people do not raise wheat enough to feed themselves!

4. That if Cincinnati was now as populous as the city of New York, it would not have attained to the size of a city proportioned to the feeding capacity of the country around it, which it had reached in the year 1845.

5. That only the eighty-seven counties then estimated, two of them (Butler and Clermont) raise more Indian corn than the whole of the six New England States, and more wheat than all Massachusetts!

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THE MEMPHIS BANK.

We announced last week that the "Farmers' and Merchants' Bank," of Memphis, had not suspended but later advices state that it has. The Directors caution note-holders against run-shores, "as the assurance of the bank are ample, and will soon be made available." It looks bad, however, for a bank to suspend during such a state of prosperity as the country is in at present.

Editorial Varieties.

GENERAL PILLOW.

General Pillow's military capacity, as shown in the battle of Cerro Gordo, has been impeached by his own troops—this, taken in connection with his late publication, will be a fatal blow to General his conduct in that battle, is a little curious.

The officers of the Second Tennessee Regiment, which, in connection with the Third Tennessee Regiments, all under the command of General Pillow, attacked the heights of Cerro Gordo, have published an address to the people of the State of Isaac Playgrue, in which they attribute their want of success to the fact that Gen. Pillow was not in command of their commander. They assert that he was "ignorant of the ground, and of the enemy's strength and preparations for defence." They also say—

Gen. Pillow had actually placed Col. Haskell between Col. Campbell and Col. Campbell, in order to support Col. Wynkoop, and Col. Campbell between Col. Haskell and Col. Wynkoop, as the regiments did by a fatal, extremely stupid order, which, in a single file, in a rapidly perceive that the great distance there was between the assaulting and supporting regiments. Col. Haskell, the gallant commander of the Second Regiment, returned to the spot from whence it received the attack—to the Third Tennessee regiment was in the act of firing past that point, and the gigantic gaining its position. Col. Haskell, Col. Wynkoop, while Col. Roberts was still in rear of Col. Campbell, and of course had not reached that point.

It is generally believed that Gen. Pillow led the assault on No. 4. The General neither led nor followed in that assault. He was not even present, he did not advance any nearer to the enemy's line than the point from whence the attack commenced, and he did not make this statement because we deny to General Pillow personal courage or any cowardly action—we are willing to yield him both. we simply correct the error.

We suppose that General Pillow will immediately demand an investigation into his conduct.

A MIRACLE.

A most astonishing circumstance occurred recently at Boston. The particulars we take as given from the Boston Bee, are briefly these. The Post Physician and one of his aids were examining a number of wounded men, and arrived, when a young and brazen-looking woman being called up and questioned previously to registering her name in the book, was asked her age. The girl promptly concurrently replied "I am fifty-five, you house." This answer staggered the questioner, and he exclaimed "impossible!" The girl was repeated and the same answer given. "Why you don't look more than twenty," said the physician, again looking the applicant in the face, and she said the girl, and indade I'm fifty five, but if you don't like that you can't do it at fifty!"

Was ever such a circumstance as this known before! A woman misrepresenting her age in the presence of a physician, who would have known thirty years older than she really is! Solomon was mistaken—there is something new under the sun.

MORE ITALIAN REFORM.

We find the following paragraph in the telegraph news brought by the Hibernia. If the present Pope continues to "progress" as he has begun, the city of Rome will soon be worthy of the name of "Holy See," "More Popery" —

The excellent Pius IX. has added another claim to the regard he already possesses on the gratitude of his subjects. He has instituted a system of national education, and has placed the Council of Delegates from the different provinces, who are to assemble in Rome, for the purpose of discussing the best means of carrying out the new legislation, and adding if in its effects for the good of the people. The Pope has appointed Count Rossi, the good Pope's subjects with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and gratitude.

EMIGRANTS WANTED.

We see it stated that the farmers in the Western States have sent pressing orders to New York for the usual fall importation of laborers. Last year every emigrant who is in health, and willing to work, is placed on board conveyances for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan and Iowa—the farmers of which States say they should be glad to see a million of emigrants this year instead of a hundred thousand.

IRISH PARTIES.

An attempt was made recently in Dublin, upon the occasion of a visit to Conciliation Hall by Captain Steele, of the Irish Legion, to get up a Tory manufacture some little political capital. The captain, however, would not "take." He observed, in his answer to the address, that he was "not happy"—unexpected pleasure"—sincere thanks," and so forth, "but he had merely come to see the fatherland."

SPECIE.

In view of the great amount of specie that has flowed into the country from Europe, within the last six months, many people have begun to wonder that its effects are not more apparent. They forget, however, that so long as the war with Mexico continues, what specie comes in at one end of the Union, will probably flow out at the other.

ODD FELLOWS PROCESSION.

The Odd Fellows had a celebration in New York last Saturday. From five to six thousand are supposed to have taken part in the procession. The display is said by the New York papers to have been very imposing.

NORTHERN MEXICO.

The editor of the Jackson Mississippian, who "smells from afar off," being a native of the big log, in the following manner. It appears that W. R. Cauthorley and others, were on trial for giving a challenge to fight a duel. Cauthorley, who was a Mexican officer, in the progress of the trial is witness, who was an Odd Fellow, was called to the stand by the defendant's counsel, and proposed to state nothing in the process of electing and initiating members of a lodge. The witness objected to answering some of the questions put to him, but was informed that he positively in violating an obligation which he had assumed. The Court ruled, however, that he was bound to make disclosures, it being a point of difference to assume such an obligation. Things now were in a most awkward position; but soon after the Court adjourned for the night, and the next morning the District Attorney withdrew the case, satisfied that the exhibition was not of a character for requiring a license."

MR. WEBSTER'S JOKE.

Mr. Webster, when at Savannah, perpetrated a very commendable joke, or rather he applied another person's joke in a very felicitous way, which is perhaps nearly the same thing. Adverting to the object of his visit, to see Southern cotton and Southern people, he said: "I have frequently been asked during my tour, by Southern gentlemen, whether I could go with them to look at this rice field or that cotton plantation. The question reminded me of an anecdote told by my friend Skinner, of the Farmers' Library, of a man about to be married, who, when asked by the parson if he would take this woman for his wedded wife?" replied, "To be sure I will; I came on purpose."

QUICK TRAVELLING.

There was a fine steamboat race, for one thousand dollars, on the Hudson, last week. The distance run was ninety miles, time three hours and twenty minutes, being at the rate of nearly twenty-two miles an hour. The Oregon and Vanderbilt were the competitors; the former taking the lead.

Apropos to fast travelling, we may mention that the cars have been running from Philadelphia to Burlington, twenty miles, last Thursday week, in fifty-four minutes, which is about the same rate as the New York boats make. What the former could have done, had she been trying, it is hard to tell.

A STRANGE PIG.

A Cincinnati correspondent of the Public Ledger, tells the following strange story. It reads marvellously like a hoax—though "Porkopolis" is the subject of the crops were peculiarly of a kind greatly to allay future anxiety, while the estimate and the quantity available for the present income are exceeded all previous returns.

MARKET REPORT.

The market for American cereal provisions keeps steady, and as there is little or nothing of this description of produce now arriving from England, the importations from the United States in most instances, meet a ready sale. The value of beef, pork and lards is much the same as last quoted. Beeswax, tallow and rosin are also in good demand at our price and particularly of fresh meat, which ranges from 72

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Chicago, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Canada West, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, and Territory of New Mexico.

Mr. HENRY L. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Eastern States, and is empowered by Law to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Post.

Mr. WILLIAM H. BOWLES is our Travelling Agent for Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE solicits for us in Penna.

JOHN PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in Pennsylvania.

CHAS. B. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

WALKING A WIRE.

Last Monday afternoon, a monkey "in human shape," attempted to walk across the Schuylkill river, near the Wire Bridge, in accordance with a previous announcement, and crowds of old and young of "the simple sex," of course gathered to see the wonderful feat. In due time the rope walker, who calls himself Herr Synnager, appeared at the window of Barr's Hotel, the eastern terminus of the line, and, after a few moments with great dexterity, proceeded slowly upon his journey, when while, stop, twang went the wire about the middle, and down descended the Herr, scene in the river. He was immediately raised by the crew of a friendly boat, with no other damage than a ducking and a severe fright.

The wire was mended, and again the wire-walker ventured the perilous passage, when he was seriously put by got over, and the pedestrian was getting along pretty comfortably, when whirly-barly, topsy-turvy, flung down he went all of a sudden, having but his balance.

This time he was not so fortunate, having struck the side of the boat in his fall, and severely injured his shoulder, and this terminated the amusements of the day. The audience returned to their homes apparently well satisfied with the Herr's performance, for he had not only walked across the river, on the principle that two halves are equal to a whole, but had favored them with a couple of gymnastic somersets into the bargain. And on the whole they considered it almost equal to a hanging.

THE PRIZE CUP.

Mr. Burke, at his benefit on Friday week, at the Arch Street Theatre, offered a prize cup to the author of the best Epigram that should be handed in. The following miserable stuff took the prize :—

On a Mexican Soldier, shot in battle, by an American Bootmaker

> *His heels is out, he's got his hoof;*
> *He's lost his toe sole, he's lost his awl,*
> *He's got his foot, he's got his soul :*
> *He's got a sole to answer some!*

That which was considered next best, and for which the prize was strongly claimed, was as follows :—

> Santa Anna's legs of bone and stick
> Have set the people pouting,
> But Taylor's being short and thick,
> Were never made for running.

Another, upon the same subject, was as follows

> "If He ever runs!" He ever runs!
> "Who'll write my *Epitaph* when I'm no more?"
> He ever runs! He ever runs!
> He can—but left his *L-E-G* behind!

The first two are poor, and the last is stale. We had several however, that seemed tolerable epigrams were read, but the wit of them not being abroad and dull as an oyster knife, they were categorically put into obscurity, which made us style the "groundling" order, and could better understand such coarse claptrap as the above.

PROBABLE MURDER.

In our last we stated that a young girl was recently murdered near Camden, in consequence of a terrible injuries received. The skull of the girl has since been examined by a medical gentleman, and the injuries so inflicted as to be no doubt that the man had been inhumanly murdered. The position of the corpse, and the nature of the injuries, all prove the midst of a dark and unfrequented wood, favored the suspicion of foul play, independent of the evidences of violence. The Coroner's jury, after the testimony, were unanimously of opinion that the deceased had come to her death by the hand of the murderer, and returned a verdict accordingly. The deceased is believed to have been a woman from Indiana, named Mary Ann Williams, who having about a year ago been deserted in Philadelphia by her husband, was forced to go to service, and obtained a situation in the capacity of a domestic in Camden. She has been missing since October last.

TEMPERANCE CONCERT.

The Willow Quartette Company will give a Concert in the Musical Fund Hall, on the 15th inst. when they will sing some of their most popular Glees, Quartetts and Songs, and a number of *Temperance Glees*, arranged expressly for the occasion.

As it is supposed that a large number of the Sons of Temperance will be in town on that day, a concert of this character will afford them an evening's pleasant recreation. We have heard this band of singers very frequently, and

THE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of paintings at the Academy still remains open. Hundreds have been delighted by its treats, and we would like to see the Academy to find that many persons have visited it from Wilmington, Burlington, and other towns and villages in the neighborhood.

Woman His Weight in Gold.—Tom Thumbly sent poetic during an exhibition of twenty-two and a half days in Philadelphia exceed $14,000. Counting six hours per day, and we have a small arithmetic, he has made in this short period fifty-eight times his own weight in silver; counting fifty-four half-cents to the pound avoirdupois, he has, therefore and a half times his own weight in gold. During this time he has kissed between twenty-five and thirty thousand ladies—not more than we should have kissed in their whole life. The General evidently knows how to manœuvre.

A Heavy Claim.—An action has been instituted by Leslie Combs, in Kentucky, in the Circuit Court, against the Bank of Kentucky, to recover $20,000, with interest from June 1, 1842, less $500, paid on account, for professional services as a lawyer, in obtaining the return of Hosea J. Levin from Texas to this city, and securing his pardon from the Governor of this State.

Strawberries.—The box brought down from Burlington yesterday, two thousand boxes of choice strawberries for this market.

We should imagine strawberries must be the chosen fruit of the sun, and the above announcement is a contemporary proves it.

Beard or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 145—55 adults and 84 children.

Remarkable Caverns.

REMARKABLE CAVERN.

The Wilmington Commercial Herald, noticing notice of a remarkable cavern in the vicinity :—

The tourists who set out in the summer in search of the new and wonderful, will find a rich object of great curiosity in the neighborhood of Port Kennedy, Chester county, but a short distance from this city. It consists, as we are informed, of a remarkable cavern discovered in the limestone quarry of Mr. John Kennedy of that place. This cavern is one hundred and sixty feet in length, and sixty feet wide, and extends to forty feet below the surface whereon some beautiful specimens of nature's architectural power. There are arches, pipes and cavities, exhibiting the same regularity of workmanship as if executed by the hand of man, and after the strictest rules of art. When lighted, the effect is beautiful. Forty or fifty lights additional introduce the scene, and give a magnificent effect. Such a beautiful natural curiosity will no doubt attract much attention.

Famine at Cape Breton.—The Cape Breton Spectator says that the cattle are every where dying in hundreds—the farm horses too feeble from starvation to perform the labor of ploughing—and lastly, more than three-fourths of the farmers in the county wholly destitute of potatoes or grain for seed. The condition of the country is frightful; nor is the above picture over-colored or exaggerated. The island is menaced, if not immediately, at least prospectively, with all the horrors of actual famine.

A HAIL-STORM.

A correspondent of the Augusta gives the following account of the late hail-storm in Jasper county, Georgia. He says:

"Were you not well acquainted with me, I confess I should hesitate in my brief account, for fear of not being believed. In the neighborhood of Wise's Ferry, on the Ocmulgee, the storm was terrific, but it was severest about two or three miles on this side of the river. The scene must have been terrific in the extreme, the hail fell as large as pigeon eggs, and in quantities incredible to relate. Large pieces of ice were yet be in the corners of the fences, now (estimating the very copious rains that have fallen since, and the height can of twelve clear days. Our boys are yet escaping ice drinks from the remnant of the store. It would be difficult to find a single head of wheat on any stand whatever. Scarcely a leaf remains on the trees. Many flocks of goats were killed, and whole stacks of hogs nearly destroyed, the fence of corn were levelled, and some persons are severely injured. The forests are almost as leafless as in mid winter, and present a most melancholy picture. Immense numbers of poultry, birds, snakes and fish, were destroyed. The orchards were stripped of their entire covering, and the trees so bruised as to leave no hope that they will survive. I have seen peas and saplings, pines, and other trees, that were so completely bruised that even the rust as if they had been struck a thousand hard blows with a heavy hammer, clearing the rough bark, and indenting the bruises at every point. Some persons had the stoved while on the wing as is supposed. As for cattle, cotton, and the like, the fodder gave account of the slightest indication of having been planted. The destroying power as if they had been assailed by an army of Davids, and each man throwing his stone as if aimed at a giant. Such a disaster as this was never before witnessed by the oldest inhabitant; that distinguished personage was himself filled with extraordinary accession. I could fill a column with details, as 'each and now' as those recounted, but I fear to trespass further upon your patience."

American Newspapers.—The following is a list of the American papers already established in Paris :

Name.	Place.	Department.
American Flag.	Matamoros.	Tamaulipas.
Sentinel.	Tampico.	do.
Pioneer.	Monterey.	New Leon.
Chief Guard.	Saltillo.	Coahuila.
Gazette.	Vera Cruz.	Vera Cruz.
Chronicle.	do.	do.
Star.	Jalapa.	do.
Anglo-Saxon.	Californias.	
Californian.	Monterey.	California.
Mormon paper.	Yerba Buena.	

Total 16. In a few days we expect to hear that another is established in Puebla.

Treasury Notes.—The Washington Union says that there is no part, treasury notes to be paid semi-annually, and, as they are of various dates, three per cent. interest will be paid on the expiration of twelve months, eighteen months, and until the last payment of interest on these notes. The notes being at the denomination of $50 to $1,000, it would be a great convenience to have the interest on all of them—especially in fractional parts—and also per the same, in any one day.

Rent at Carolina.—On the 3d inst. there was a fight at Carolina, in this State, originating in the attempt of the colored population to rescue three slaves, (a man, woman and little girl,) who had been arrested on a charge of Replevin to the custody of their claimants, Messrs. Hollingsworth & Kennedy, of Hagerstown, Md. The result was that the woman and girl escaped, while the man was arrested, and taken back to Maryland. Mr. Kennedy was severely wounded, having been killed in the early under a succession of blows from stones and clubs, which completely disabled him. Some twenty of the rioters have been arrested.

Mrs. Hanning.—At the session of the Court of Oyer and Termiser of Venango county, last week, John Parker and Mary Myers were tried for the murder of John Myers. The deceased was the husband of Mary Myers. They are all residents of the town of Franklin. For some time past an improper intimacy existed between the prisoners. They are believed, died from arsenic. Verdict against both prisoners—the jury guilty of murder in the first degree.

Santa Anna's Leg.—The New Orleans Picayune says :—

"We are now yesterday visited by two members of Colonel Baker's gallant Illinois Regiment, who gave us a view of the remains of Santa Anna's leg, in a carriage at Cerro Gordo. It is a very handsome limb and if the foot has a note expression than that of the flesh leg, the hero of Tampico has certainly as high a pair of heels as any man in Mexico."

Dr. Bailey Hall has nearly completed fifteen pictures in the Missouri State Prison.

Miscellaneous.

A FLOWER.

There's a bank, beneath a lovely rude,
But lush some little flower,
To brighten up an acre wood,
And cheer the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief, or sorrow's power,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

Tatlor and Mustard.—Napoleon, when ill at ease or displeased, took small pinches of snuff; General Taylor, with Yankee peculiarity, takes mustard. An officer gives the following account of the lat ter's dinner at the head-quarters of the regular division. Scott's letter, telling him that he was going to take his regulars. Gen. Taylor, after reading the epistle, crumpled it in his coarse dry paper, and then very much in his hands, laid it aside, and then commenced, in a furious manner, putting mustard over his meat, potatoes and bread; ate coffee and then diners other things, all around his plate! It appears from these examples that great men care very little sentiment by practising a philosophical indifference.

Domestic Manufactures.—The Columbia South Carolinian states that a co-partnership has been formed in that city for the purpose of putting into operation an extensive paper manufactory.

New Hampshire.—The official returns at the vote for Governor give Williams (Democrat) 30,505, Colby (Whig) 41,370, Berry (Ind.) 8,331. Scattering 54. Majority for Williams, 1,112.

Debts of the States.—The total amount of the debts of the several States in the Union, according to the latest returns, compiled from official sources, is $196,017,827.

Tax Cases.—The crops in New York never promised better, and those in Massachusetts, though not so promising, promise fair returns. The fruit crop also is unusually promising.

Premature Announcement.—Gen. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, has not been appointed U. S. Senator from that State.

Sandy Sarsaparilla.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its consideration, previous to such evidence is accepted :

Rest Portland, Vt., Aug. 28, 1846.
Dear Sir—During the winter of 1845-6 I had a severe turn with which I suffered the most intense pain, and was confined to my bed for six weeks. I had a special consultant and followed more than one. This continued until June, 1845, when I was induced to try Sarsaparilla, and attended with a severe cough, and my face was very much swollen. I had not taken a bottle before I suffered for free turns, three of which I was confined to my bed, and the fourth to my chair. I continued the use of Sarsaparilla from the entire disappearance of different phenomena, and had nearly given up all hopes of ever being relieved from my distressing cough. At this time I was induced to try Sarsaparilla, from the many remarkable cures I had heard of, and strange as it may appear, the first bottle effected a sensible change. By continuing its use, in a part of a month my cough was entirely gone, and my face, my body, and I fully believe, with the blessings of God, saved my life. I remain a perfect cure.

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Sold by Dr. J. S. Hanbin, Druggist, 108 Fulton street, New York.
Sold by Barry & Dickman, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
Price $1 per bottle. No families for free dollars.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1250 shares Union Bank,	114
400 do. Girard Bank,	112
100 do. do.	112½
100 do. United States Bank,	4
50 do. Mechanics' Bank,	50
50 do. Manufacturers' Bank,	50
50 do. Marine Canal,	10½
50 do. Lehigh Coal,	50
50 do. Lehigh Coal,	50
50 do. Manufacturers' Bank,	50
do. North America Bank,	50
50 do. Lehigh Coal,	50
425 Lehigh Coal Scrip,	83
$20 Lehigh Coal Scrip,	83
$1500 City 6's, 1870,	104
$1000 City 6's, 1870, Stock,	104
$500 Reading 6's, 1860,	104
$700 Reading 6's, 1860,	104
$1000 Penna. 6's, 1856,	104

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot says :—There is some activity in the Tobacco market, and the receipts, which are light, both of Maryland and Ohio, go off as fast as received, and at fair prices. All good and better grades sell very readily. We examine last week's prices as conveying the transactions of the week as follows:—Maryland $2 to 2 for fancy and common; $3 to 3 for good common; $4 to 4 for good; $5 to 5 for fine and better qualities. Ohio common to middling $3 to 3; good $4 to 4; fine to fine $5 to 5; and fancy $6 to 6. Sales last week 1,000 hhds. The receipts were 1,030 hhds, including 1111 Maryland, 100 Ohio. 0 Virginia, and 13 Missouri."

Religious News.

DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

At a meeting of the New York Synod on Friday week, after the reading of a number of letters, one from persons in foreign countries, the Report of the Treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society was received. According to this Report, the receipts of the past year amount to $7,649 22, including a balance of $247 75 from the preceding year, and a contribution of $1,500 from the Missionary Conference, now thinking the very copious rains that have fallen since, and the height can of twelve clear days. Our boys are yet escaping ice drinks from the remnant of the store. It would be difficult to find a single head of wheat on any stand whatever. Scarcely a leaf remains on the trees. Many flocks of goats were killed, and whole stacks of hogs nearly destroyed, the fence of corn were levelled, and some persons are severely injured. The forests are almost as leafless as in mid winter, and present a most melancholy picture. Immense numbers of poultry, birds, snakes and fish, were destroyed. The orchards were stripped of their entire covering, and the trees so bruised as to leave no hope that they will survive. I have seen peas and saplings, pines, and other trees, that were so completely bruised that even the rust as if they had been struck a thousand hard blows with a heavy hammer, clearing the rough bark, and indenting the bruises at every point. Some persons had the stoved while on the wing as is supposed. As for cattle, cotton, and the like, the fodder gave account of the slightest indication of having been planted. The destroying power as if they had been assailed by an army of Davids, and each man throwing his stone as if aimed at a giant. Such a disaster as this was never before witnessed by the oldest inhabitant; that distinguished personage was himself filled with extraordinary accession. I could fill a column with details, as 'each and now' as those recounted, but I fear to trespass further upon your patience."

Clippings.

☞ Gen. Worth has fixed the spot for Col. Yell's Tomb. Steps must be said for twelve and a half cents the loaf of twelve pounds; beef, veal, and pork twelve and a half cents per pound : mutton and lamb twelve cents per quarter cents; and milk six and a quarter cents per quart.

☞ A clerk in the collector's office at Rome, in New York, lately found thirty-seven dollars in a counterfeit bill in the drawer of his desk. He had no precisely mimed money, and how it was taken remained a professed mystery until this discovery.

☞ By a vagary of the types, the Baltimore Clipper is made to say that Mr. Webster has resigned in Richmond, is to "partake of a public dinner tendered him by the citizens."

☞ The Monmouth Inquirer, says that General Shields, who was wounded at Cerro Gordo, formerly taught school at Freehold, N. J., from which place he emigrated to Illinois.

☞ A new coin, a two shilling piece, and to be called Queen or Victorine, or Victorines, as her Majesty shall direct, is to be struck off and put into circulation next year.

☞ Lady Bulwer Lytton, it is said, is writing another book, in which her husband is to receive a severer castigation than even that which he caught in her "Man of Honor."

☞ Mrs. Partington says she has always noticed that, whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for a half dollar's worth.—*Boston Post.*

☞ Among the contributions for the relief of the starving Irish, is one from the Choctaw Indians. Letter—We note further receipts at Bremen at 81 per thousand.

☞ A German, who went to see General Tom Thumb when the exhibition was open, said that he didn't see any thing very peculiar about him, except his size.

☞ If dried peas, either for soup or eating whole, are soaked till they begin to vegetate, (about two days) they will taste as sweet as green peas. *Perhaps so.*

☞ A Washington letter in the New York Herald, states that the Pope has determined upon opening diplomatic relations with the U. S. Government.

☞ Toast fishing is carried on in the Delaware River and Bay to a considerable extent this season.

Items of News.

Great Destruction of the Mackerel Islands.—The Halifax Sun says, that a letter received from the Magdalen Islands, (Gulf of St. Lawrence) dated 30th ult. states that the fishery there is a state of great destitution. Flour is said to be $20 per barrel. The number of seals taken on the islands this spring amounts to about three thousand.

Female Legislators.—Two ladies are members of the Prussian Diet, and have a right to take their seats in the House of Peers. They are the Princess of Sagan Talleyrand, formerly Duchess of Dino, and the Countess Kilmansegge; those ladies have not only availed themselves of their rights by proxies.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
Saturday Afternoon, June 5, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Our market has been remarkably excited this week, and at the close prices are fully $1 per bbl higher than at the close of our last weekly review. The market early in the week was dull, and not being willing to operate unless at a further decline, the holders withdrew their offerings, and several parcels changed hands at $5,37½@5,50, and subsequently at $5,50@ 5,62½ per bbl for fair brands. On Tuesday, a Liverpool packet ship arrived from that port, and several vessels for Europe, when holders again advanced their pretensions, and sales were made at $5,75@5,87½ per bbl for Pennsylvania brand at $6,87½. The market then became unsettled, and yesterday after the irregular announcement of the arrival of the Great Western, prices advanced still higher, and the last amount to $7,50@7,56 per bbl. Extra and extra family are still nominally at $6,25@6,50 per bbl. Rye Flour has been sold at $3,37½@3,50 per bbl. Corn Meal was only in moderate demand early in the week, with sales at $4,56—but holders now ask much higher.

GRAIN.—The market for all descriptions continues in the same active condition noticed in several preceding reports, and prices are again higher. Sales of good Prime Red Wheat early in the week at $1@1 05, and yesterday holders asked $1,06@1,07 for prime, and $1,12½ for fancy at $1,12½, and White at $1,15@1,20. Some holders ask still higher. Rye is also higher—sales of Pennsylvania at 70c, and Corn made at $1,06 per bushel. The price of Corn has advanced 12½@2c. Sales of good Pennsylvania and Southern Yellow early in the week at 65@66c, and yesterday at 67@68c per bushel. Oats are in good demand, and the last sales were at 37½@38c per bushel. Barley is in request, and sales of 2-rowed at 75c, and 4-rowed at 80c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The stocks of Western hog meats are very much reduced, and the view of the European advices received this morning has caused holders of desirable lots to be very firm in their demands. Sales of Pork at $15,50@17 for Mess, and $14,50@15 for Prime—closing firm at the latter rates. For Bacon there is a good demand, and sales of hams are reported at 7c, and shoulders and bagged Hams of good quality; Sides for Boats, and Clear Sides at 6c per lb. Lard—The stock has been somewhat increased this week, but prices are very firm. Sales of 2000 bbls No. 1 and shipping Lard at 6½c per lb cash and in demand. Cheese is also scarce, and readily commands 8½c for good quality.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed—Sales of Penn. at 5c per lb. Flaxseed at $1,25@1,37½ per bushel—Timothy at $2 per bushel.

COTTON.—The market has been inactive, and only about 350 bales Upland, Mobile, New Orleans and Florida, have changed hands since our last review. Prices, however, are steady, and the tone of the recent advices per Hibernia, has given the market a greater degree of firmness to day.

	New Orleans.	Upland
Middling,	10¾@11¼	11 a11¼
" Fair,	12¼@13	12¼@13
" Good,	13¼@13¾	13¼@13¾

GUANO—The season for this article is now over, and closed for the season.

GINSENG—A small sale of Crude at 9c.

LOMESTIC GOODS—The operations are confined entirely to orders for the supply of the city and near trade, without change in prices.

HAY.—Sales of Timothy at 75c per 100 lbs. Sales of Rye Straw at 50c per load.

FRUIT.—We hear of no operations of moment in Dried Apples, and the last sales were at 2½c per lb. Peaches have been sold at $1,62½@1,75 and upwards at $2,50.

HEMP—The market is quiet, and there is but little demand. Sale of 150 bales dew rotted, on terms not made public.

HIDES.—The market is quiet, and prices steady. Arrived 700 from St. Thomas.

IRON.—Sales of Pennsylvania Pig have not varied since our last review; but the transactions have been limited, only a few tons of Scotch on sale, and the bulk of most of the furnaces in the interior being engaged in filling up orders previously contracted for.

LEAD.—Sales of Pig have been made at 5½@5 per 100 lbs cash and 6 months.

LUMBER—We note further receipts at Bremen at 81 per thousand.

LUMBER—The supplies continue moderate, and sales to a fair extent have been made at former rates for the season. The following comprises most of the sales we have been able to collect :

Week ending 29th ult.,	724 M
" 5th inst.,	6,937,000
Total,	6,737,000

MOLASSES.—The market has again been quiet—sales of 50 hhds Cuba at 23c, and 50 bbls; 50 Cardenas at 24, and 76 Porto Rico at 26c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—The market generally is quiet as regards the actual receipts of Rosin and Tar, but the supply of both is ample. Spirits of Turpentine is also quiet, and prices are without change.

OILS.—In Sperm and Whale the transactions have been only to a moderate extent, and no material change has been call at 60@65c. A sale of Lard Oil at 87½ per gallon.

PAINTER.—Is scarce and in demand. Last sale at $4,64½ per ton.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been moderate, but prices are well maintained, and the last of the stocks in the Southern markets being unusually low, have given them a firmer appearance—sales at 30c per lb. Pickled Pork sold at 5½@5½—would now bring still higher.

SUGARS.—The market has again been inactive, and prices depressed. We note sales of 90 hhds Porto Rico at 5½@5¾c, and 50 hhds Cuba at 5¾c, 4 mos. Muscovado on terms not made public. About 1500 bags Havana and Manilas sold at 6½@7c for Brown, and 7½ for White.

SEEDS.—There has been some inquiry for Clover seed, but the small parcels have been generally held at $4,75 per bushel for good quality. Flaxseed is steady at $1,25@1,30, with small sales.

SPIRITS.—Small sales of French Brandy at 81.75c 1,35 for Bordeaux, and $1,50@1 for Rochelle per gallon. Sales of Scotch Whisky at 30c for the quarter cask. Rum is steady at 30@35. Whiskey is now worth 24@25c per gallon in bbls.

TALLOW.—A sale of Rendered at 8c cash.

TEAS.—The market has not varied since our last review.

TOBACCO.—The demand for good Kentucky has again been active, and prices are well maintained for all good qualities. Sales of 100 hhds Ky. and Va. at 3@4c per lb, 4 mos. Seconds and Ordinary are in fair request, and prices depressed. We note sales of 60 hhds Porto Rico at 4½@5c, and 50 hhds Cuba at 5½@5¾c, 4 mos. Manufactured

Beautiful Poem.

THE WIDOW TO HER SON'S BETROTHED.

BY MRS. HOGTON.

Ah, cease to plead with me your earnest cheerful voice,
My lot has struggle with a weight of woe,
Lest from the very tone the sigh I would rejoice
A double bitterness of grief should grow.
Those words from vanished memory so gladdening thought,
No sound of comfort lingers in their tone;
But by their means a haunting shade is brought
Of loss and happiness forever gone!

My son! Oh, when that blessed name I utter,
That does not full of hopeful plans again?
We knew in midst—his joyous eyes are fire,
For him THE FUTURE is a word in vain!
He never more the welcome home may say!
His bid Love's sunshine chase our lonely hours,—
How lost then conquer'd all the long despair
Born of the sundered—He is the dead!

How can thy hand with cheerful fashness press
The hands of friends who still on earth may stay—
Remembering his own premature decease,
When the LORD PARTON summon'd him away?
How can'st thou keep from bitter weeping, while
Strange voices tell thee their ne'er brightly fair—
Remembering how he loved thy playful smile,
Knel'd thy smooth cheek, and printed thy entranced hair?

How can it then laugh? How can'st thou wonder sing?
How can'st thou lightly tread the sunshine fields,
Priming the freshness which to spring belongs,
And the sweet incense which the hedge-flower yields?
Does not the many-blossom'd spring reveal
Our pleasant walks through cowslip-sprangled meads,—
The violet scented flower—the warm south wind,—
Where early flow'rets rear'd their welcome heads?

Does not remembrance darken on thy brow
When the wild rose a richer fragrance flings—
When the caressing breezes lift the bough,
And the sweet thrush more passionately sings?—
Cast thou not, then, incense for him whose form
Was ever near thee, full of earnest grace?
Have not the sudden fashness of the storm
Been lullaby to fall on Nature's face?

It does to me! The summering summer breeze,
Which does not turn thy glowing cheek to scorn,
For me enrages decisively through the trees,
And seems a dying requiem to my ear!
The glistening river which in homely glides,
Sparkling and blue with sweet contemplant light,
All lonely flows, as in its bosom hides
A broken image lost to human sight!

But heart!—Ah! 'tees there is grief away!
I do not wish thy soul as sadly wrong—
I know the freedom of thy spirit's play,
I know thy bounding heart is fresh and young—
I know according Time will slowly bend
The links which bound most fondly and most fast,
And Hope will be Truth's comforter, and make
The long bright future compensate the Past.

Only, when full of years I raise mine eyes
And meet those ever full of smiling light,
I feel as though thy sunshine mocked my sighs!
When buried in sea grave, where all is night!
And when hands are lonely hearth I sit,
And thy light laugh comes echoing to my ear!
I wonder how the waste of earth and wit
Shall still the power of thy heart to cheer!

Rest with me yet! Mine is a harsh complaint!
And thy youth's innocent light-heartedness
Should rather soothe me when my spirit's faint
Than mean to mock my age's loss distress.
Let oh! the tide of grief is swelling high,
And if in some forgetfulness must be—
If, for the while, then lose no further sigh—
Weep for his Mother!—Weep, young Bride, for me!

Pictures of Life.

WHAT A PAIR OF ANDIRONS COST.

FROM THE PLEDGE AND STANDARD.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner of the mantelpiece, and then fixing his eyes on the sublime, "Peter, those andirons cost me one thousand dollars."

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Oh, father!" cried the girls.

"Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word of it. One thousand did I say?—yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars."

"Well, well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

My uncle best forward and planted his hands firmly on his partied knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began:

"Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old andirons. Your Cousin Lucy says one day, 'father, don't you think those old andirons are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold their wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Lucy. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter," continued my uncle, "your aunt took it up—"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt, "you can't get along without dragging me in."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said 'our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were an better off than we were.' And she said 'Lotty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the shingy looking old andirons might hurt their match!' I knew that women will have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons.

"The price of them was few dollars and a half—"

"Ah, that's more like it," cried my aunt; "I thought you and those thousands dollars."

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well, the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the window for talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of season with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once, to have a marble slab. The reason had mentioned them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together."

"Le me!" exclaimed my aunt. "there was no putting any heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pigpen."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a month's hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear my hints thrown out about the brick work around the fire-place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wooden mantelpiece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of all this was twenty-one hundred dollars. And now that the upset of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, paint and the girls suggested to me quite unbidded, and when it was done, they had to date the old parlor could be made to look no worse for that was only a short respite. The old ingrain carpet began to cause a fear, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now, my dear!" said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accompanied with a partial rotation of the head.

"Now, father!" exclaimed the girls—

"Till I got a new carpet. That again stained the old furniture; and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantel-piece, and thirty for carpet. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint!—"

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture!"—

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more!—"

"Four hundred exactly."

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "as much for fun one more. No sooner was the room finished, then the complaints came from all quarters, about the dining-room and entry. Long before this I had determined at discretion, and handed in my subscription. The dining-room cost two hundred more What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chandeliers—at least four hundred to make them agree with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twist the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred."

"Then there was a horse to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally, and company staid at home. I decline the farmer cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. And all these I set down at two hundred dollars each. That I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars."

My opposition was silenced. My aunt immediately rose and gossiped it was bed time. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to go to bed just yet. He was a great reasoning man, and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his book and pencil, and began to blunder making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight, before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him *twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars.*

A True Tale.

HORRORS OF WAR.

We find the following heart-touching story in the Pittsburg Commercial Journal:—

It was a fair morning after the terror of Buena Vista—the very day that the mail brought the official list of the killed and wounded—we were seated in the office, reading over the names with a sad curiosity, coming out those with which we were of old familiar. McKee we remember well—he was in the Third when we were in the First. He returned, left the service, engaged in business, and at the opening of the war resumed the epaulettes as Colonel of a Kentucky Volunteer Regiment. Brave fellow!—one more name fell on that bloody field.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged in these thoughts, when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small girl by the hand—a beautiful little creature, about four years old, and a babe in arms, a child, for such no one could decide to be their relationship, who observed their features, were dressed with extreme neatness, though all the little elegancies of decoration were bestowed upon the child.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to note these particulars, when, having been directed to us by the clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We blushed her a chair, and while we endeavored as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in Capsain ——'s company of artillery. This corps had been engaged, and, we remembered, had suffered very severely. She had been informed that the list of the killed and wounded had arrived, and she had called to hear some intelligence of her kin.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up the paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of that woman's features, as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unbalanced, but her heart bursted almost audibly, and her eyes looked unutterable despair, as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper and laughing at the rustling of the paper. Before the lips were colorless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsied.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, we knew that the relative must be a very near one.

She had avoided giving to her name; so soon as we had read the list through, and found that it comprised the casualties of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we would have finished the column, if at all, and at each individual we looked enquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, never let one name rest down, when we read.

John ——, Sergeant, killed."

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That name had pierced her heart, and she fell back unconsciously run towards her, but she arose from her chair, motioned to her thanks, and without a word left the office.

A Choice Selections.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.

How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only, is curiously set down in Mrs. Piozzi's recollections of the last Lord Lonsdale's account of his imprisonment.

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my junior, and have spent my body; I have been years ill indeed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the evil same dungeon ten feet square." During six years I had a companion during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together, and related our past lives, and jays forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year, we had no ideas to communicate. We were beginning to lose the power of reflection! The fourth year, at the interval of a month or so, we could open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible—each declared it was—so gap and hesitating as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth year we were past all valuable or beautiful thought, that some vulgar sentiment, or some trivial nothing of a jewel but its market price. For the young and the lovely, gone is of no importance, they may wear what they please, and for whom they hope the better. The tapps girdle itself would hardly embarrass the old and the plain more than a style of dress which I remember. The sixth year proceeding I knew not—uttered those words:—By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your sentence is dated 5 yeg, ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but thing this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again.

Addendum.—To see a father treating his sons like hewlers, and to see sons covering their father's company and conversation, because they think him the most agreeable of their acquaintance, in the most amiable picture the eye can behold; it is a transplanted self-love, so sacred as friendship, so pleasurable as love, and so happy as religion can make it.—*Anon.*

THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers, or as they call themselves, the United Church, or United Society of Believers, had their origin about the middle of the last century, and were organized chiefly under the administration of Ann Lee, an Illiterate, but industrious and worthy woman of Manchester, England, who, after children she was subject to strong religious emotions, but these subsided when she was married, only to reappear with greater violence, after the birth of her children. While in this state of mind she became acquainted with a society of people who were known by the appellation of Quakers, and who were expecting the second coming of Christ.

This society, of which Ann became a prominent member, was singled out as the most devout in the form of worship; they surrendered themselves up to the operations and manifestations of the Divine Spirit, and many wonderful gifts, were of a very extraordinary character, giving them a spirit of prophecy and divine revelation. Secondings were frequently visible, and manifestation, they were seized with a mighty trembling under the influence of which they were often led to express the inclinations of the spirit in all sin. At other times they were exercised with the gift, shouting and weeping for joy at the near approach of their Lord. Their meetings were also characterized by their solemn singing, dancing and their curious dances of a more regular and visionary character which gave them the name of Shakers.

After a season of agony and prayer, Ann became fully imbued with the divine spirit, and came forward with extraordinary gifts and revelations, declaring that she had received a full revelation of the fallen nature of man and the means of redemption, and her followers received her testimony as the acknowledged as their leader and was called their spiritual mother in Christ. This apostle of Shakerism, after undergoing much persecution, at length came to the United States, and died in New Lebanon, in 1784.

The Shakers do not believe in a Trinity of male persons in Deity; nor do they attach the idea of personality to God; but they believe that there are in God two distinct incomprehensible powers, eternally corresponding with male and female, as father and mother of all things. Christ with whom he made his soul only in connection with seven attributes revealed in him; viz: power, wisdom, goodness, light, holiness, love, and truth. Christ was sent by God to believe Christ to be God, but that he "proceeded forth and came from God." They believe that man was created holy, and that the sin entered first into our bodily desires. Consequently they repudiate all intercourse of the sexes, in matrimony or otherwise. The communal life of Shakers constitute the true Millennial Church.

The first principle in this church is the public confession of sin, without which there can be no salvation.

They recognize seven principles in the testimony of Christ, which are dear to them as the heart—separation from the world; practical peace; simplicity of language; right use of property; and a gift to God.

Duty to God consists in his worship and service according to the manifestations of the holy spirit.

Peace is to man in connection with God, in dealings, and the avoidance of every description of fraud. Hence the excellence of their preparations and manufactures, which in every market command the readiest sale at the highest prices.

Separation from the world is carried out, by living in their isolated communities in which no strangers are admitted except as visitors.

Practical peace is manifested in their principles of non-resistance. They are like the primitive Christians in refusing arms, and are seldom or never engaged in lawsuits, except as defendants.

Their simplicity of language is in literal accordance with the command of Christ, "Let your communications be yea, yea; nay, nay."

They hold that property is receptive to be the making a common stock of the products of their common industry. No individual has any personal property in the wealth of the society, but each can say one who joins them receives any thing back on withdrawing, according to the compact, and the decisions of our courts.

The last of the seven principles, virgin life, is the most prominent, and the most remarkable characteristic of the Shakers. The apostle Paul gave his testimony in its favor; and in the Revelations, the vision of the hundred and forty four thousand before the throne, had not defiled themselves with women, but follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, seems to them proof of their doctrine, to which they are firmly attached.

Having no children born among them, their members are recruited by converts and their offspring, and by adoption of desirable children as they receive from motives of charity.

Another argument against marriage consists in their belief that the true consummation is with Christ, and is of a spiritual nature, and that in this resurrection there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The day of judgment, they believe, began with the second coming of Christ, that is, with the ministration of *Ann Lee*, and is progressive, as to the separation of the wheat and tares, and the saving forward, the sheep being the Shakers.

The public worship of the Shakers does not differ essentially from that of several other denominations, except that it is interspersed with dances of a very solemn character, for which they have their own Scriptures, and during which they experience spiritual manifestations.

The social economy, neatness order and prosperity of the Shakers are too well known to require any description.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

KINDNESS.

A little word, in kindness spoken,
A movement, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart's broken,
And dried a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a noble heart,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasure word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

WOMAN AND DRESS.

A late number of the London Quarterly Review contains an article on dress, from which we copy the following, for the especial benefit of our fair readers:

"Of course, to the inward eye of the imagination, the mere name of woman presents a vision clothed in perpetual youth and loveliness; but dating in a region too far above us to know precisely how she is clothed at all. But to the outward eye of the senses, which are more or less bounded by time, and bothering it with particulars it never wants to know, it is not to be denied that there are some of these which often fix upon a single article for many by no means young. This being the case, a cautious expression of opinion, and that a favorable one, is at last upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some years ago. Thus, in the case of a woman past the ordinary one, both equally transparent—forgetting that what tests the beauty of the one, only betrays the defects of the other, which the imagination fed might hide. Every jeweller will tell you that it is the inferior stones which depend most on the setting—that costly ones are scarcely ever set at home. We have seen, for instance, some grey pearls produce a most beautiful effect, in a brilliant setting of rubies and green emerald, which, placed by itself in the salisbury necklace, would have been frightful. Dress by the same rule, is the setting of our most beautiful possession—each delicate shade so gay and bewildering as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fair lady has power still but valuable or beautiful thing that some vulgar observer may not see, but nothing of a jewel but its market price. For the young and the lovely, dress is of no importance, they may wear what they please, and for whom they hope the better. The tapps girdle itself would hardly embarrass the old and the plain more than a style of dress which I remember. The sixth year proceeding I knew not—uttered those words:—By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your sentence is dated 5 yeg, ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but thing this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."

AMERICA.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

I cannot express the melancholy and emotion with which my visit to the Hall of Fame filled me. Many impressed my mind with regard to America. Here, on these great beaches, heaped with the tokens of many civilized lives, the wrecks, where once were children's cradles, another has been kindled, burned brightly, and been extinguished;—here, where the fair European race has struck its roots deepest into the soil, and has been, where the deluge of Northern barbarism swept the Imperious Roman Empire down;—here, where the Old World's convictions of right and wrong, and body in that great church supremacy, which in vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of the Almighty Truth, the mystical, universal conqueror of these later days of the earth;—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how does the fact I mean, that wonderful world beyond the Atlantic! Drowned with a natural wealth unparalleled; the latest born of Time; peopled by the noblest families of the Old World, and of the same race with her; but through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savagerous and feudal semi-civilization, how does like Father into the land of Love, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience of all former nations; whose home spirit and heart of not one century, the first of Freedom—but of one designed, Washington. Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the councils of that power! If the fair inheritance of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of infinite importance in the world, should ever appear to have been in all its most exquisite significance, if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the glorious material proportions and inestimable physical resources of their country; then, indeed, a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that king dom of God, for whose coming all good fellows pray daily, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government. How much are prayers, how much the possible glorious future destinies of that wonderful country are darkened by the sense of the miserable contradictions of the present spirit of its people, I can hardly say; my perception of the one is equal to my anticipation of the other. And I mean only in connection with seven attributes revealed in him; viz: power, wisdom, goodness, light, holiness, love, and truth. Christ was sent by God to believe Christ to be God, but that he "proceeded forth and came from God." They believe that man was created holy, and that the sin entered first into our bodily desires. Consequently they repudiate all intercourse of the sexes, in matrimony or otherwise. The communal life of Shakers constitute the true Millennial Church.

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Fun and Frolic.

How to tell a Yankee.—You may always know a Yankee by his blocking up a door, if he can make room for another to get in on it. He always will, no matter what door it is, or how many people want to pass in and out; there he'll stand and talk, and see the impossibility of any one to get in or out, and come over. If two or'em get together in a door, they'll contrive to stand there fashioned, with their backs sticking out like a shirt collar, and so that one can't get through em without starting off his buttons, or losing his coat-tail. I have seen him do it a hundred times, at the post-office, at auction rooms, theatre doors, and all other doors, and jail doors besides. If I should ever be cast away at sea, and after reaching land upon an uninhabited shore, with a house or two in sight, I should be able to tell in an instant whether I was in New England or not, from the mere fact that the men did or did not block up the doors."

Wooden Legs on Railroads.—A good story is told by the Editor of the Boston Light, at the expense of the Chamberlaining Railroad

As the cars were passing along one day on their way to Chamberlaining, a sorrowful looking old countryman man, seeing a pere fellow with a wooden leg sitting in a fence corner, alongside of the road, he soon drew up and the following colloquy ensued:—

Hallen, stranger, which way?"

"To Chamberlaining, sir."

"Well, you seem to be very tired, and a cripple at that, won't you get up and take a seat with me?"

"Well, thankee, sir, you are very kind, but I'm obliged—very thankful indeed—would do so, but I'm in a very great hurry, and must needs go."

A Puzzling Case.—A child is a liar. It brings an action for defamation. A process in court that it had himself boasted of lying. The counsel for the defendant set forth in his defence that it was a liar, on the ground that if he was not a liar, he was not, of course, whatever he might have said about it; and if he was a liar, that then his own assertion to that effect could not be allowed in evidence. On the other hand, A's counsel contended that if B was a liar then he was not, and A's assertion going for he must be acquitted at once; but if B was not a liar, then his own assertion that he was one, was itself a lie, and proved A's statement correct. How was it?

Now and Then.—A pretty child—a charming little three-year old—was, not long ago, presented with that most natural of pets, a nursery kitten, saved from drowning that awaited the birth of its brothers and sisters. A short time afterwards, a lady of benign mien was in the nursery, and the kitten taken into the nursery to see them, she gazed on them for some time, looking from one to the other with much curiosity. Then, putting one of the plump little cheeks with her rosy finger, she said, "I think we will keep this one, papa."

Generalizing.—A country surgeon, who had a plain and a blackberry eye, but hardly ever at one time, dosed both his patients with one medicine. The blackbrowed sportsman his physic the tailor damned. The latter, when the surgeon supply made no remonstrance then for his future guidance, in the following words:

—What will cure a blackamoor will kill a tailor."

True Filial Affection.—An Irishman, seeing the fence against his three sons, then cowards and his eldest:—" And this deponent further saith, that the said one of his children were shamed lazy and filial affection was his youngest son Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

E7" "Does S. ever wash his hands?" asked some one of a person more distinguished for his learning than his cleanliness. "Oh, yes, he washes his hands, but then he has a trick of putting them to his face."

E7" A person said to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's sons a bad habit, as a man generally follows his example.

E7" A clock or a watch is said to have the best self-esteem of any article of manufacture—as it is continually running itself down.

Our Scrap Book.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

[We met the following singular narrative, the other day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary who has recently published sermons, journals, &c., in that locality. The story is well told, and the incident which it relates is so strikingly illustrative of the "special providence" we certainly contribute.—*Com. Adv.*]

"At about this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. H——, a respectable farmer, who had died of one of my parishioners a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children in easy circumstances. The latter had been kindly accustomed to the management of a large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was about to sell every thing off except a little furniture.

A session in London, a seat in the north.
A place in the city, and a house near Cottage.
On her visiting for countless fashionists stand!
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection!
A host of the opera owing her essential!
What comforts abound in a march of affection!

Some thought Captain Courtley had won her young heart;

But cold are the hearts of the fickle and gay.
He certainly learned our picture last season!
Exchanged with Miss Courtley, and went off.
But colder and quiet seasons was the reason.
He would to become a rich banker's wife,
The opening remarks a decided rejection.
She should hope as a friend to retain him though lifter.

But she just had agreed on a match of affection."

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to three acres,
But what are the facts I cannot undertake to say;
That he lets his five acres lies friendless and poor,
The hope from the tenant, and that he spends great

But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a shooting direction;
And dear Simon, though money her tastes may deem old,

Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

A late number of the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin contains an article in which it is stated that the Spanish Minister, Count de Aranda, after signing the treaty of Paris, in 1783, submitted to the Spanish government a memorial, in which he declares the independence of the British Colonies title his mind with grief and fear, and expresses his belief that the United States would soon become masters of the American possessions, and on this subject uses the following very remarkable language:—

"This confederation arises in a day, or rather it may be allowed us to express myself. It has required the support of two such powerful states as France and Spain to establish it, and it is their work. But it comes when she will be a giant, a colossus, formidable even in these countries. She will forget the services she has received from the two powers, and will think only of her own aggrandizement. The liberty of commerce, the facility of establishing a population in her immense territories, together with the advantages of a new government (meaning free) will attract the agriculturists and mechanics of all nations. Her men will ever rise after fortune, and in a few years we shall see the tyrannical existence of the very colossus of which I speak.

"The first step of this nation, after it has become powerful, will be to take possession of the Floridas, in order to have command of the Gulf of Mexico. Her after hand will be excellent. Difficult our commerce with New Spain, she will aspire to the conquest of that vast empire, which it will be difficult for us to defend against a formidable power established on the same continent, and in its immediate neighborhood.

"These fears are well founded; they must be realized in a few years if some greater revolution even than that has taken place in our *Ancien Regime*."

In conclusion he proposes as the best means of preventing these misfortunes, that Spain should relinquish the American and establish three of the infantas, one to be king of Mexico, one of Peru and the other of Costa Firma, retaining under the dominion of the mother country only Porto Rico and Cuba; and recommends that a treaty of commerce should be made with the United States, and even in relation to these countries, from the advantages of which Great Britain should be excluded.

Agricultural.

PROFITS OF FARMING.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

A short time since, we visited the farm of Mr. N. F. Morrison, Somerville. He is about four miles from Boston. Has twenty acres of land, which he bought five years ago for five thousand dollars. He has made great improvements by subduing and enriching the soil, reviving old fruit trees and setting out new; building a barn at the expense of one thousand dollars, and making various improvements in fences, &c., so that with the addition of the usual price of property in that vicinity, for his soil is excellent, and now in fine condition, his fruit trees flourishing and promised goodness, and his barns pleasant.

Besides this and considerable other property, Mr. M. had a good farm in New Hampshire, of about hundred and thirty acres, well stocked and supplied with implements. All this has been the result of industry and intelligence, or the *profits of farming*, to the extent remarks that he was a poor boy, and he was married and commenced the world at twenty one years of age, without forgetting the latter. He gained all his property by farming—by a regular course of industry. He attended to trade long enough to lose a thousand dollars, and he last another thousand by lending money.

He has taken great pains to collect a choice list of fruits, and to set orchard is among the most flourishing in the country. Some varieties noted for their slow growth, exhibit the vigor of a Greening or Baldwin, so that we did not know them by their growth and wood. He has sold the apples from two Baldwin trees in one year for twenty-seven dollars. One tree yielded seven bins annually, the interest on one hundred dollars. Knowing that Mr. M. was a hard-working farmer, and that he had accomplished a great deal by his own industry, practically using his hand and head in true exercise, as well as we used to plan, we were greatly surprised, on taking a seat in the parlor, to find a farmer with his "huge cowhide" boots on the keeps of the parlor carpet, in a masterly style, what would put to shame many young ladies who have, or rather do little dusting in their parlors. We were pleased and greatly increased when we learned that he was playing tunes of his own composing, as appeared to be remembered on with a copy of the "Contra Dance Psalmody," mostly of his own composition.

Mr. M. remarked that he sometimes finds himself placed in rather an awkward situation, he is going about in his farmer's garb, handling potatoes, &c., and he is asked to a dealing them out to his customers, and is compelled to take a seat at the piano in the parlors of people of fashion and distinction.

CHEAP PAINT.

An Ontario farmer gives the following recipe for a cheap paint. He says he has tried it on brick, stone, and wood, and it will paint, and says it will last longer on rough siding of wood than oil paint will on plain siding of boards.

Take one bushel of unslacked lime, and slack it with cold water; when slacked, add fifty pounds of Spanish whiting, seventeen pounds salt, and thirteen pounds sugar. Stain the mixture through a wire sieve, and it will be fit for use, after reducing it with cold water. In order to give it a good color, three coats are necessary on brick and two on wood. It may be put on with a brush similar to whitewash. Each coat must have sufficient time to dry before the next is applied.

For painting inside walls, take as before, one bushel of unslacked lime, three pounds sugar, five pounds salt, and prepare as above.—*Gen. Farmer.*

To Prevent Paste Rising When Cheese is Put.—A lady says she had well nigh given up making butter this winter; for, as soon as she commenced churning, the froth would rise. She tried every preventive that was suggested to her without effect, until she was advised to try saleratus, which she did, and that proved effectual.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

FROM THE HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

Mr. Editor.—Permit me, through your valuable paper, to communicate to the public my views of the value of the Jerusalem Artichoke as food for animals, and the best method of culture. Last year I procured some roots of them from Mr. Turner, of Cumberland County, in this State, which I planted about the Middle of March. They were lengthened and hilled twice, and hoed by an early as the first of May. I also planted, and tended in the same way, some of the common Irish potato. They were planted upon ground that had brought a crop of corn, wheat, and turnips since it had been manured. In the fall I had a rod of each kind dug and measured. The Jerusalem artichoke yielded five bushels, and the common kind three and a half bushels; making the yield per acre of eight hundred bushels of the former. The Artichoke, as...five hundred bushels of the common kind.

They are no doubt the cheapest article that can be raised to winter store hogs. The best way to feed them, is to turn hogs in upon them and let them root them up. Hogs are fond of them. The roots are not much injured by being exposed to cold when cooked raw.

The best method of culture is to plant them in drills four feet apart, and about a foot apart in the drill. They require to be worked by two workings. They do not require more than half the culture that corn or potatoes do. They will no doubt yield more bushels per acre than corn, and are much light soil. It is said that they will yield well upon thin soil, as they derive much of their support from the air. Three bushels will do for a acre. It is also said that they will yield well without culture in orchards and other places. The large roots that remain in the ground in the ground in good condition for another crop. They soon shade the ground and prevent other vegetation from coming up. I have about 20,000 bushels pretty dry roots. These I shall feed out when we can raise.

W. H. MERRITT.

TO CURE RENNET-SKINS.

Rennet, or runnet, used in cheese-making, is made from the stomachs of calves, which are sometimes called 'veils.' As soon as the calf is killed, or whatever he likes, he should be killed and the stomach immediately taken out. The coagulating or curdled milk should then be opened with a knife and examined; and any substance found in it, but curd, should be removed. The serum or watery part left in the curd should be pressed out in the same manner that schoosers are at this day; on her going off the stock and passing into the water a by the hand, and the curd is then taken out. Robinson instantly replied: "*A schooner let her be.*"

From that time vessels thus wanted and rigged with two lanteens added to every set of schooners, which vessels of this description were unknown in Europe or America.

The Newspaper.—It was a saying of the renowned Franklin, that he never had a quire in a news paper but that he discovered in it something that he did not know before, and which it was profitable and interesting to know. We are sure, we can say there is no paper published, which does not contain, either in its editorial or select-out department, matters of interest and value, which have a lasting effect, and which plead with more but touching eloquence for an unbounded record and an enduring existence.

An Ancient Tree.—The oldest fruit tree on this continent—and probably in the world, "—is now in full bloom in the upper part of New York city (third avenue and 12th st.) It was brought from Holland in 1647, planted in the country, near Nieuw Amsterdam, and is now at least two hundred years old. What changes in the meantime! From the "forest primeval" to the Dutch Republic, thence to the Empire city of a western world—*New York paper.*

New York.—Twenty-four dollars purchased the whole city and county of New York, two hundred and twenty years ago. The streets were first paved in 1676; in 1711, a stone bridge was established in Wall street. The first stage-route between New York and Boston was established in 1772—time—two days. The first Directory, by Doctor Dunlap, in 1787. The first reserb (Lady Murray's) was driven in New York.—*Watson's Annals*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 13, 11, 4, 7, 10, 14, is a Town in Russia.
My 5, 10, 13, 12, is a Town in Russia.
My 3, 14, 13, = a City in Asia.
My 4, 11, 7, = a City in Russia.
My 5, 3, 12, 13, 7, is a City in Europe
My 7, 13, 12, 10, 14, is a River in United States
My 9, 7, 10, 11, 14, is a County in New York.
My 8, 12, 13, 6, 9, 10, 8, 11, is one of the United States.
My 9, 6, 11, 11, 14, is Lake in Scotland
My 10, 7, 6, 13, is a City in Russia.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, is a Town in Scotland
My 12, 8, 7, is a County in Iowa.
My 13, 12, 10, 6, 9, is a County in Indiana.
My 14, 7, 6, 13, is a River in Europe.
My whole is a City in Russia. R. D. M-S.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 13, 11, 6, 10, = something necessary to many men.

My 9, 3, 14, 3, signifies to gain.
My 5, 13, 12, 8, signifies to be off.
My 4, 2, 9, 10, is what landlords wish to have
My 5, 13, 11, 4, 7, is to love.
My 12, 13, 10, 6, is not as large as an ox
My 7, 11, 6, 9, is an article of domestic production
My 8, 9, 10, 11, is a fish.
My 9, 13, 11, 10, is what a good cook is
My 10, 11, 5, 6, is a kind of fish.
My 11, 14, 10, 6, is where we all possess more or less of
My 13, 2, 13, 4, is a wholesome drink.
My 14, 7, 6, 13, is a river in Europe.
My 14, 5, 11, 6, signifies behind.
My whole is the name of the author of this enigma.

H. T.

RIDDLE.

My situation is in flowery meads,
Or where the thicket oft extends its shades.
Sometimes I am seen on the mountain high,
And sometimes I am seen on level ground;
The sweetest of all birds resolves to place
My wood'rous form between its tuneful throat,
To pring yvodes in mystic lines explore
What last of my name must be sought before

The Olio.

CONTEMPT.

BY WORDSWORTH

If there be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger, henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
Inherits disguised in its own majesty,
Is intolerance; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath forsaken
The sacred faith of love and charity,
And is himself in need and miserable.
Thou seest me here at work—alone I do it.
Contempt for human things, and yet not scorn
But pity and love, and some good hope.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Mr. McAdam like one of the seven wonders of the world?

What sensible man is a doctor's shop?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA
FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

ENIGMA.
FREDERICK AMOS SHEARTON.

RIDDLES.
PEAR—PEAR—PEAR.
BEAR—BEAR—KAT.

CONUNDRUMS.

GUARANTEE
MAN—NAMELY, IN THE MORNING OF HIS LIFE, ON ALL FOURS, IN THE AFTERNOON,